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PITY the lot of the poor independent editor, or better, the rich one. Here is the New York *Evening Post*, which has plumped with a splash for Cox for President on the issue of the League of Nations, American honor, no separate peace, and all the rest. Promptly the Ohio Republican State Committee comes out with a statement, conspicuously published throughout the West, that this proves that the international banking ring is for Cox, since Thomas W. Lamont, he of J. P. Morgan & Co., is the owner of the *Evening Post*. Next comes Parley P. Christensen, the Farmer-Labor Presidential candidate, before the Senate Committee on Election Funds, to swear that the *Evening Post's* course proves that Wall Street is backing and financing both parties—both ends against the middle—since the *Evening Post* is for Cox and Mr. Henry P. Davison, also of Morgan's, has personally assured Senator Harding of his support. When we add that the Democratic National Committee rejoiced over the *Evening Post's* proof that the independents were for Cox, it will be seen that the *Evening Post's* decision gave joy in every camp—save in that of the New York *Sun*. This grave censor so solemnly rebukes Mr. Lamont and his newspaper for throwing themselves into the arms of Boss Murphy, "Tom" Taggart, Brennan, boss of Chicago, Senator Nugent of New Jersey, and similar "wet" sponsors of Governor Cox that we submit there is no other course left to Mr. Lamont to establish both his own rectitude and the independence of his newspaper than to come out for Debs.

THE dockworkers' strike in Italy, supposedly amicably settled on August 17, has developed new and distressing complications, and has spread to metal foundries and machine shops. On August 31 the management of an engineering corporation in Milan locked out its force of several thousand hands during lunch time. This act was in violation of an agreement of the employers' federation against individual action, and resulted in a meeting of the syndicalist unions and seizure by the workers of all metal-working factories throughout Lombardy unless the firms would agree not to resort to a lockout. The seizures have spread from Milan to Rome, Turin, Naples, and other large cities; the workers are camping out at the factories and refusing admission to any one without a permit from the workmen's committees which have been formed and now maintain an almost military severity of discipline. So far efforts to dislodge these unwelcome guests have been quite unsuccessful, and, since the workers can forge their own weapons for defense, are likely to remain so. The strength of the workers' position is evident from the fact that Signor Labriola, the Minister of Labor, is making an attempt at conciliation, the Government being unwilling or unable to intervene effectively by force of arms.

THIRTY-SIX conscientious objectors are still in prison, and so are Eugene Debs, James Larkin, several hundred members of the Industrial Workers of the World, twenty-two-year-old Mollie Steimer, and several score more who not only differed from the policy of the Government during the war but had the effrontery to say so. In England, France, Italy, and in the countries of our late enemies, far-reaching amnesty proclamations have been made; but in this land in which free speech and free assembly are guaranteed by the Constitution, men and women are still held behind prison bars for crimes of opinion! Every few weeks the War Department gives proof of a touching liberalism in releasing one or two more conscientious objectors or in commuting another of the ferocious twenty-year sentences; but good men are still in jail. One man just released from Leavenworth writes: "I've been feeling like a man coming out from under an anæsthetic, learning to use his arms and legs again. The prolonged and systematic starvation-diet in the American Siberia leaves one feeling only about half-alive. But the doctor says that there is nothing seriously wrong, and I am hoping that with a few weeks of good food and the atmosphere of terror removed, I shall revive to the point of normal efficiency again." This man is devoting such strength as he has in the interest of the men whom he left behind in jail. "They are suffering at Leavenworth beyond my power to describe it."

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IN the name of American labor Samuel Gompers has indorsed the Democratic ticket. Basing its choice on the labor records of the two candidates, the report of the so-called non-partisan political committee of the American Federation of Labor describes Mr. Cox's attitude as perfect, while Mr. Harding is found with the incriminating stop watch and bonus legislation in his past. That the party of the erstwhile full dinner pail, in the days when a full stomach was held to be the total measure of the working man's ambition, is not unduly friendly to labor is obvious. But can much more be said of the Democrats, whose platform forbids a strike by the underpaid and overworked postal employees because, forsooth, they are government workers, while Mr. Burleson, one of the three Cabinet members whose mind has run sufficiently with President Wilson's to last in office eight years, promptly lops off the heads of those who even dare to present their grievances? The report, moreover, confesses:

> It must be exasperating to the whole American public that political parties bidding for the suffrage of the whole citizenship cannot state in definite terms what are their proposals and what are their pledges. The same exasperation must be felt regarding many of the utterances of candidates.

After such an admission one may well wonder whether Mr. Gompers is not merely repaying President Wilson for multiple kindnesses throughout the war. But one thing is certain. Mr. Gompers will not be able to "deliver" the labor vote. While some of it will go by force of habit to each of the old parties, the workers of the United States—hand and brain—are becoming painfully conscious that there are but two parties whose record and utterances hold out more than empty promises of a "square deal for labor." These two are not the Republican or the Democratic parties.

FAR more important than the speeches of Cox and Harding, to which the newspapers have been giving columns, is the control of the Democratic Party in Montana won in the State primary by the Nonpartisan League, but ignored altogether by the Eastern press. This victory means that Nonpartisan League candidates will appear as nominees of the Democratic Party for State offices in the November election. It does not mean necessarily that these men will be elected, for old-line Democrats will doubtless unite with the Republicans to defeat the League men in Montana, just as old-line Republicans will unite with the Democrats in North Dakota to reestablish old-line politics in that State. Fortunately, the Nonpartisan League in Montana has the support of a large part of organized labor. B. K. Wheeler, the candidate for Governor, has promised: "If elected, I will not put the Anaconda Copper Company out of business, but I will put it out of politics."

POLAND has invaded Lithuania "for strategic reasons"; Poland cannot be bound by "artificial boundaries" based on mere racial considerations; and State Department officials count the Polish attitude "entirely satisfactory." There is nothing left to say about the attitude of our State Department on the Russo-Polish question; it has so consistently distorted facts and misrepresented motives, announced and abandoned high purposes, that adequate comment is impossible. Premier Witos's note announces that Poland wishes frontiers based upon "the wishes of the local population, the economic necessities, and the national rights"—this last being a particularly distensible term—but that she cannot let her military operations be interfered with by any artificial boundary. The French Government openly pushes the Poles to take as much territory as they have the military force to hold. Poland has learned nothing, unless it be military caution, as a result of her recent adventure. Autumn is upon us, and it is doubtful whether further large-scale operations can come before the snows, but it is clear that a winter of peace is not to be granted to hungry and shivering Europe. The next question is the method of payment for the immense supplies of munitions which have been pouring in upon the Poles from all the major crusaders in the late war to end war; we suppose that will be America's part, and we may discover the concrete meaning of Mr. Colby's recent promise of "all available" help to Poland in an increased budget here at home.

THE international labor boycott against Hungary has been abandoned with its objects only half attained. It was an epoch-making adventure in a new kind of international diplomacy, and its mere existence and even partial success was a symbol of the new forces at work in Europe and a beacon of hope to those who have lost faith in the post-war governments. There was a "White Terror" in Hungary; workingmen were being persecuted, tortured barbarously, their unions dissolved, their meetings suppressed. It was no ordinary Palmerian or Millerandesque repression, and the horror-stories stirred working-class Europe to anger. The International Federation of Trade Unions thereupon took action; it organized an international boycott of the land of the White Terror. At midnight on June 19 trains ceased running Hungarywards from the Vienna stations; post and telegraph service was crippled; the Danube steamers banked their fires. Workers in Trieste refused to handle cargoes for Hungary; to a less degree the Czech and Rumanian workers joined in shutting Hungary off from the world. Telegrams from Budapest had to seek a devious outlet via Warsaw.

THE Hungarian Government announced a counter-boycott of Austria and declared it would never treat with the workers; it fell. The new Government accepted the mediation of Chancellor Renner of Austria, and negotiated with the labor delegates as with an equal power. It denied the facts of the Terror, and refused some of the demands of the Federation, but the boycott undoubtedly put the fear of God and of labor into the hearts of the Hungarian Junkers and modified the degree of the repression. The boycott dragged on for nearly two months, but the failure of the German railwaymen and of the unorganized workers of Slovakia to join effectively weakened it at vital points. It was called off. There have been protest strikes within nations before; this was the first organized effort to use the economic power of labor on a continental scale. Mr. Elihu Root and his League supporters of economic boycotts might well study the experiment with care.

A GOOD deal of the talk which is being indulged in over campaign contributions is beside the mark. The real question is not whether the Republicans have started out to get five million or fifteen, or the Democrats half or twice either of those sums, but whether the money which is

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being raised, whatever the amount, is being lawfully and properly used. It ought to be clear to anyone upon a little reflection that the conduct of a Presidential campaign is in the very nature of the case an expensive undertaking. Now that about 25,000,000 women have been added to the list, the potential number of persons who may vote for Presidential electors, for Senators, and for Representatives is not far from 50,000,000; and these voters are scattered over a continental area which exceeds 3,000,000 square miles. The legitimate cost of organizing, informing, and directing the voters of a national party in a country of so great an extent and with so huge an electorate is bound to be great—probably some millions of dollars at the least. What the people would like to know is whether individuals or corporations are being virtually assessed by the officials of any party, whether contributions are being solicited or accepted with any promise or understanding as to favorable government action in return, and whether the funds of any party are being corruptly used. If Governor Cox and his advisers have any information about Republican procedure at these points, they would do well to make it public; otherwise their attack upon the Republicans is not likely to amount to anything.

THE conviction appears to be growing that housing, at least in so far as it concerns persons of relatively small means, is a proper subject for government action and should no longer be left to private initiative. The Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, a body to which no taint of radicalism has ever attached, has lately declared that houses for those who earn low wages can no longer be built anywhere in the world at a cost which will permit them to be either sold or rented without loss, and that "it is unquestionably true that an industrial system, or even any particular industry, which fails to make possible adequate shelter, food, clothing, and recreation for all of its operatives is unworthy to exist." The Chapter proposes "that housing for those earning low wages or salaries be legalized as a public utility; that the manufacture of this class of homes as a profitable industry should cease in theory as it has already ceased in fact; and that the government, national and local, should at once adopt measures making possible the supply of the prime necessary of life." Similar suggestions of government action are multiplying in New York, and will doubtless come before the Legislature at the special session which is to be held this month.

ASSUMPTION by the government, whether Federal, State, or local, of responsibility for housing might in time relieve the housing shortage, but while the crisis exists a way ought to be found to prevent extortion by landlords and agents. An interesting suggestion has been made by State Senator Edward J. Dowling of New York, who proposes that the maximum annual rent of a tenement house shall not exceed 10 per cent net of the actual value of the property. The actual value of the property for this purpose would be the assessed value plus 20 per cent. It is not clear what deductions are to be made in order to arrive at a figure of 10 per cent net, and 10 per cent gross would obviously, in many cases, leave no return at all, or at best a very small one, on the capital invested. The proposal is significant, however, as an effort to limit rents by more intelligent methods than the greed of landlords or the working of supply and demand.

IT is a delicate question sometimes where legitimate defense of one's principles ends and mere footless obstruction begins. The latter stage has undoubtedly been reached, however, by the House of Representatives of the Tennessee Legislature in the attempt to recall its ratification of the woman suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution. We may next expect to find these sovereign statesmen voting to non-concur in the Multiplication Table and to reconsider the Ten Commandments. Or going still farther back, they may presently reopen the decree of the Creator of All Things: "Let there be light." And having debated it, they will doubtless report: "Not so, O Lord; by a vote of 47 to 24 the House of Representatives of the State of Tennessee votes to non-concur, and herewith reverts to primeval darkness."

THE American Red Cross has discontinued the use of its original seal with the fine motto "Neutrality—Humanity." Neutrality was abandoned during the war; now, even humanity seems too high an ideal—at least in regard to the 780 Russian children in charge of the organization. These are Petrograd children who were sent to Siberia for better food and living conditions; there they came under the wing of our Red Cross, and later were brought across the Pacific, on their way, as it was officially reported, to their homes. But after the arrival of the children in America it was stated that they were to be sent to France. A Red Cross officer in New York admitted that the children were not to be sent home because of "political conditions" in Russia, bearing out the charge of Lunacharski, Soviet Commissar of Education, who quoted the Red Cross to the effect that "we cannot leave the children in the hands of the Bolsheviki, who will demoralize them." The Red Cross contends that it is sending the children to France because it is nearer Russia. Mr. Martens of the Soviet Bureau in New York has offered to cable to Russia and secure the home addresses of the children in Petrograd; and Russians in New York have even offered to charter a ship to carry the children home and relieve the Red Cross of further responsibility. More than 400 of the children have signed an appeal to be sent home at once, to which it is to be hoped the Red Cross will give heed.

THINGS which we hope for that will never come to pass:

A week without a prevarication by Lloyd George.

A clear-cut statement in favor of Irish freedom by the Pope in Rome.

A month in which the French do not back the wrong horse in Russia.

A week in which our State Department does not stultify itself in foreign affairs.

A day upon which the nationalization of women lie will be buried in America.

The time when all Germans will realize the truth about the Kaiser, the war, and their own acts in it.

A signed editorial by William Howard Taft bearing evidence of some slight knowledge and information.

A speech by Warren Harding which respects the King's English.

An hour during which Woodrow Wilson will entertain a doubt as to his own perfect infallibility.

The day when some of our politicians will realize that the old order is dead.

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The Campaign to Date

IT was at Williston, North Dakota, the other day that an old man arose in a political gathering to announce to the audience that he, a life-long Republican, for the first time in his life would vote the Democratic ticket. "Stand for that reactionary, Harding, I cannot." Whereupon arose another gray-head to say: "Well, I've voted the Democratic ticket all my life, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to vote for Wilson's man Cox. Harding for me." This incident is highly characteristic of the campaign. Never have party loyalties sat so loosely; never have there been more contradictory drifts of sentiment, never more confusing cross-currents. Thus, New Yorkers who have been traveling in the Far West this summer are amazed at the absence of any political discussions on the trains, in the hotels, on the trails. But Senator Borah declares, in a published interview, that never in twenty-five years of campaigning in Idaho and Washington has he had larger audiences; and he did his talking in the middle of the harvest. Franklin Roosevelt, too, reports great political interest; yet the newspapers of Washington and Montana are complaining of the apathy of the voters and, in some sections, of their refusal to register. Not even the most hysterical shrieking that the Bolsheviki were at the door called out a large Republican vote in the Montana primaries, or prevented the Nonpartisan Leaguers —the "American Bolsheviki," as the mine-owners' press dubs them—from capturing the Democratic Party.

Out of all the confusion certain things are now apparent to the observers who are indifferent to the humbuggery of both Republican and Democratic parties. The drift of the hour in mid-campaign is clearly to the Republicans; not, of course, because they have anything constructive to offer, nor because they are waging an aggressive or intelligent or educational campaign—they are not—nor because they have an alluring candidate. Mr. Harding's dull, uninteresting personality awakens no thrill. His talking in the jargon of the farm to the farmers, of the stage to the players, and of the diamond to baseball professionals makes no dent in the consciousness of the people. To imitate him, we should say that he has not yet made a "two-bagger"; at best a weak bunt feebly trickling along the first base line is all that "fattens" his batting average, which is not .300, but somewhere about .046. He is probably the weakest batter yet nominated by any party, but he bids fair to be the next President. Why? He is being elected by the hypocrisies, the untruths, the shams, and the failures of Woodrow Wilson. Everywhere in the West there is utter disgust with eight years of Wilsonism—and in the East, too. The country wants to rebuke the Democracy because of Wilson; many people, notably in the West, feel that he betrayed them into the war after reelecting himself on the platform "He kept us out of war," and then at Paris betrayed his own as well as the country's ideals in the war. They know now that the assurances that it was a war to safeguard liberty, to extend democracy, to end war, were as false as the claim that Liberty Bonds were the best investment in the world. Woodrow Wilson has been found out.

Much as the people desire peace, much as they would like a democratic league of nations, the general drift is against Cox because of the belief that the present League makes not for peace but war. "If we were in the League now our boys would be fighting in Poland," is what one hears if one talks with cowboy or railroad conductor, or ranchman, or business man in the West. Not that this fear of the League is a dominant issue—there is no dominant issue; it is one of the many influences which are deciding people as to how they shall vote. Indubitably Governor Cox has forced the fighting; he is calling people names and indulging in personalities, and he is winning the first page oftener than Harding. His "sensational" charges, unsupported by his own lieutenants, make a splash for the moment and then the public forgets him to give vent to its anger at the increased freight and passenger rates, at the inability of the farmers to get cars to move last year's wheat, to say nothing of this year's, at the steady rise in the cost of living.

Politics aren't talked unless a casual visitor broaches the subject—except in North Dakota where the growing bitterness between the Nonpartisans and their enemies the "Poison Ivas" suggests the passions of Ireland. Yet underneath it all is a mighty stirring; there is grave unrest, deep dissatisfaction with political and economic conditions. Still waters are still deep in politics—as they were in 1910 when no one was prepared for the Republican disasters. One can trace the widespread unhappiness in the press of the country, however much that press may seek to hide the facts.

If Christensen were better known nationally, if he had a stronger organization and more money behind him, the Farmer-Labor candidate would create havoc among both the old organizations. As it is, he will undoubtedly poll a large popular vote throughout the Northwest, although, owing to the character of our Presidential voting-system, it may not show in the electoral vote. Debs, too, will poll a vote far above normal Socialist strength, particularly in the great industrial centers.

One or the other of these men ought to have the vote of every progressive-minded citizen next November. Such a ballot is not an indorsement of all they stand for any more than a vote for Cox or Harding is an approval of all the latter say; but it will be notice to the country that the man or woman who casts it is tired of the collapsing reign of privilege and incompetence which the old parties jointly sustain, and that he wishes to help in organizing the forces of a better political future.

Passing on the Costs

EVERY day we find "the public" being either condoled with or reassured or warned by the benevolent press of the country. First, it is warned that railway wage increases and coal wage increases will surely mean higher prices all along the line. Presently we find it being reassured: the railway wage award involves, of course, an enormous rate increase, but after all no rise in prices is likely to result. Next we find that prices have risen; condolences pour forth from the press. The dominant theme, however, is the inevitable logic of prices following wages on their upward course. The New York *Times* and its thousand counterparts all over the country are at one in this simple analysis of the economic situation, which they glibly call "the vicious circle." Wages increase; costs increase; prices increase. Labor grows rich; "the public" grows poor. Not that the public is opposed to labor; as the *Times* recently pointed out editorially, the public is always ready to sympathize with the poor "if the poor will only conduct themselves worthily"—in other words, if the

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poor will undertake to remain poor. This analysis of the New York *Times* and the bland condescension with which it is put forward deserve some study if only for the reason that the fate of "the public" itself is really at stake in the matter. In the first place, the assumption that prices must rise as fast as wages (in fact, of course, they rise much faster) is based on a widespread misunderstanding of the facts which the employing class never dispels unless it be by accident. Such an accident occurred at the time of the rise in freight rates—an incident which illustrates to perfection the fallacy of the "vicious circle" as a law of economic procedure. The railroad workers were granted an increase amounting to the formidable sum of $625,000,000. It was "assumed" at the time the award was made that an increase in rates would thereupon be demanded by the roads, and accordingly on July 31 the Interstate Commerce Commission permitted an increase in passenger, freight, excess baggage, and Pullman rates totaling upwards of $1,500,000,000. Since the increase in railway rates amounted to more than twice the sum of the wage increase that preceded it, a rise in the cost of living could not be blamed entirely on the voraciousness of labor; the railways, therefore, decided that the cost of living must not rise. To be sure, the increase in labor's revenue had been duly reflected in the increased cost of transportation—at that stage the vicious circle was still intact. But the roads had their own reasons for not wanting higher prices of commodities to follow the increased transportation rates. Railway executives and the organizations and newspapers which reflect their views forgot the vicious circle and hastened to reassure the public at large. *American Railroads*, the organ of the Association of Railway Executives, printed a table showing the rate of increase which should result from the new rates. Dressed meats per pound shipped from Chicago to Philadelphia should cost from 2.7 mills to 4.4 mills more, depending on the size of the shipment. Butter sent from Chicago to Philadelphia should increase some three-tenths of a cent per pound. So the figures ran. At the time the new rates were granted Mr. Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, spoke a word of comfort to the worried public: "If the rate increase will bring renewed activity in the development of the railroads, and I think it will, then the advances, instead of tending to increase the cost of living, will have just the opposite effect." And a few days later he added: "The public are already beginning to get the benefit of the rate increase, and the rate increase has not yet gone into effect."

In a sense he never intended, Mr. Willard was right. The public began to feel the effect—if not the benefit—of the rate increase almost immediately. It did not notice that more, and therefore cheaper, commodities were on the market. But its attention was painfully centered on the fact that milk increased one cent a quart in New York City on the first of September, that coal had gone up $1.50 a ton in some localities since the rate increase had been granted.

The other day a New York retail shoe dealer expressed benevolent concern over the steady upward tendency of prices of shoes. "See that box of shoes," he said. "That box of shoes cost me $1.60 freight from Brockton, Massachusetts, and now the rate is going higher. That means that the price of shoes is going up, too." There were 28 pairs of shoes in the box. The customer did some rapid long division in his head and arrived at the conclusion that the 20 per cent increase in freight rates would add a little more than one cent to each pair of shoes. "Well, I don't figure that way," said the shoe dealer. "Y'see, I figure that there's the increase in the cost of shipping the leather to the tanners, and a couple more increases when you ship the tanned leather to the wholesaler and from him to the manufacturer, and another between him and me—and you add all of them to the cost of the shoes and get something nearer to $1 a pair increased price." Thus functions the mind of the retailer, and doubtless of the manufacturer and the wholesaler too.

The fact, of course, is that a manufacturer or a railway company that raises wages 20 per cent and then announces that prices must increase 20 per cent to match is fooling the public by pretending to compare incommensurables. Wages form a varying percentage, sometimes large and sometimes small, of the total cost of production. The labor cost in operating a blast furnace is only about 3 per cent of the selling price of pig-iron. An attempt to perform the feat of balancing a 10 per cent raise in wages and a 10 per cent increase in prices in such an instance is manifestly grotesque.

However, the attempt is made with discouraging success after every strike, and in every industry. The steel mills, the mines, the railways, the express companies, all have tried the same trick; the newspapers have countenanced it, and the public has been gulled. As the railway executives pointed out—when it happened to be to their interest to admit it—increases in wages, even when they carry with them large increases in rates, need not result in any considerable added cost to the public. That such added cost always does occur is due to the fact that the public has evolved no method—other than the primitive, ineffective, club-swinging method of Mr. Palmer—to protect itself from profiteers; while the business interests find the theory of the "vicious circle" so vastly to their advantage that higher wages become a most profitable investment.

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The Empty Coal Bin

WE are all grasshoppers. We spend the summer singing and, with the thermometer well above the comfort point, cannot be persuaded to take too seriously the fact that next winter's coal bin is empty. When cold weather comes, if there is no other way of keeping warm—well, we can jazz. But, of course, we won't; at least many will clamor for some other alternative, and in lieu of anything more practical will fall back on the favorite method of meeting an industrial crisis—blaming it on the labor unions. It is small wonder that the average man is not concerning himself with, or even aware of, the coal shortage. It is not a subject of even passing notice on the part of the Presidential candidates of what a western newspaper headline aptly calls the two "aged" political parties, although Debs has called it the most immediately vital question before the people. That, of course, is a good reason why it should be ignored by Cox and Harding, who are keeping people's minds off the real issues by mutual recriminations in regard to campaign funds and the pretense that our most important concern is the League of Nations and a program of miscellaneous meddling in the affairs of weak nations.

Yet those who know are agreed that the country is facing winter with a scarcity both of anthracite and of bituminous coal, due partly to actual shortage at the pit mouths, partly

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to lack of cars or of intelligence on the part of the railways and consequent failure to distribute the product properly over the country. On top of the bad conditions that have prevailed we now have an interruption of work in the anthracite fields, due to dissatisfaction with the recent award of the President's commission, granting increases in wages of from 17 to 20 per cent. The officers of the miners' organizations cannot go back on their agreement, but neither can they prevent the men from exercising their privilege as free workers of downing tools in what our daily press is fond of calling "outlaw" strikes.

Coal mining is a hard life at best. It takes a good deal of the sweetness out of a man early, and all over the world the coal fields are centers of dissatisfaction with, and revolt against, the existing industrial order. Hence, underproduction is universal and coal scarcity is not a national but a world problem. England, at this writing, is again in fear of a general strike, owing to the demand of the miners for higher wages for themselves and lower prices for consumers. France mined a third less coal last year than in 1918 and less than in any year of the war except 1915; while Upper Silesia, which normally produces a fourth of all Germany's coal, is at present occupied chiefly with international jockeying in regard to the again-postponed plebiscite.

The only way to get sufficient coal out of the ground is through the steady efforts of a force of men large enough for the task. The only way to obtain such a force is by offering good enough conditions to attract workers. "Outlaw" strikes are evidence that such conditions do not exist. It is time that the Wilson Administration, the Governor of Kansas, and the public accepted this truth and quit trying to fill the country's coal bins by injunctions, prison sentences, and an attempt to establish peonage among American workingmen. The transportation difficulty is a separate problem, to the solution of which the Interstate Commerce Commission ought to bring its best energy and intelligence.

Pity the Poor Reviewer

THE way of the reviewer is hard. Like other people he has a job and a conscience; the one he must keep, the other he must keep clean. He has, however, many masters —publishers, plain people, and his own mind. If a publisher publishes bad books, the reviewer must feign to like that possibly dreadful person, else plain people, who cannot tell Chambers from Chekhov, will accuse him of mere spite. If a publisher publishes good books, the reviewer must not be seen with him at luncheon; plain people would wag knowing heads. The fact that most publishers are given to publishing both bad and good books only complicates our hapless reviewer's situation and causes him to play alternate parts in the eyes of the simple and the cunning in their own conceit. If a publisher is guilty of several bad books in succession, he feels aggrieved by the reviewer and withdraws in virtuous rage; when his daughter or his nephew writes a book, he suddenly remembers both reviewer and review again. "Then, why," the plain man asks, "do you have to know publishers at all?" To which the poor reviewer has two replies: Firstly, the publishers want to know him. If, for the austerest reasons, he praises their wares, they invite him to the Ritz. He goes—conscious of his rectitude as well as of his needs. For he, too, to keep his self-respect at home and the wolf from the door, writes books occasionally. And books must be published. He cannot keep himself cloistered. Business and pleasure invite him as they do the rest of mankind. He has no anterior objection to associating with plumbers and physicians, actors and acrobats. He would probably find them restful and refreshing. But society crumbles into coteries. Wherever he turns he meets editors, authors, publishers. They need and fear, love and distrust, coddle and scold him. Let him be as just as the stars, as incorruptible as steel, he shall not escape suspicion.

"But at least," comes our sturdy plain man, "you needn't praise your friends or permit them, in turn, to praise you." At that bland remark the reviewer, usually a mild and modest person, turns slightly red in the face and rises to his full height. "We're not, my good man," he declares, "discussing a new brand of tinned fish or a dentifrice. My friends are those who share my hopes, fortify my aspirations, embody my ideals of life and art. Whom shall I choose as my friends but such? When I praise their books I praise that within them which has endeared them to me and I support the causes under whose banners our minds have met. What! Shall I keep silent when truth and beauty are made manifest because the speaker is my friend? But that truth and beauty within him made him my friend. You accuse me of log-rolling for X? It is the poet in him that I love. Yet the poet and the man are one. His verses are himself and I who know that self best can most justly interpret him and his work to the world. It is not, you see, as simple as you fancy." Thus the reviewer crushes the Philistine. In his own conscience he knows that things don't always work out on so lofty a plane. There is not only praise; there is also blame, and there is the foolish fear of fools from which he, too, is not quite exempt. His dearest enemy has made a thundering ass of himself in print. The reviewer turns up his sleeves and utters his gentle substitute for a war-whoop. But the sound sticks in his throat and his sleeves curl back over his hands. What will people say? He writhes as a critic but sometimes keeps mum as a man.

Descending into his own mind the reviewer discovers that, though not free from common foibles, his securest reliance is on the motive that made him take up the driving of this particular trade. He does, when all is said, love poetry better than people—even publishers—art better than authors, truth better than the toleration of the crowd. He finds, upon investigation, that mutual admiration and rancorous slating of the vicious kind proceed either from obviously political enmities or, more commonly, not from critics at all but from second-rate poets and novelists whose vanity has been underfed or wounded. He observes, furthermore, that these poets and novelists are as a rule—though not always—quite young, and so he recalls the consoling words of Jules Lemaître: "It belongs to the character of the good critic to understand more things than a young novelist and to be more indulgent." He cannot, of course, always maintain so crystalline a serenity of temper and, now and then, the very suspicion with which his motives are frequently regarded will draw from him a sharp word or a perversely stinging phrase. But when he compares the spirit of his own activity with that which animates the activities of brokers and booksellers, theologians and theatrical managers, politicians and even professors, he comes to the conclusion that he is, at his best, a very fine fellow indeed and, even at his worst, more to be pitied than scorned.

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British Labor and Direct Action

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, August 15

NO one can say as yet that war with Russia has been definitely averted, although at present it seems more than likely; but it can at least be insisted that if peace is secured, that achievement will be due to British labor. The National Conference of August 13 marks an epoch in the history of trade union tactics. It was not merely an expression of labor's solidarity against war. It was not merely that radicals like Mr. Smillie and Mr. Lansbury joined hands with moderates like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes. What was more important was the clear proof that labor has now learned how to improvise an organization which is decisive in a crisis. The Council of Action met on Tuesday; the National Conference took its decisions on Friday. The Council remains in being, and it has the power in its hands, the authority of fact not less than the moral force of right, to prevent that drift into the war which the uncertainty of Mr. Lloyd George and the intrigues of Mr. Churchill and the French had made seem inevitable on Monday.

The whole background of the decision is worth considering. It does not mean that British labor is committed to the general theory of direct action. There are trade union leaders, Mr. Williams of the Transport Workers, for example, who are urgent for its adoption as a revolutionary measure. Such sentiment appeals only to a fragment of the movement as a whole. The men who gathered in Central Hall, Westminster, on Thursday were not revolutionaries. They saw their way clear to three propositions only. They knew, first of all, that the obstacle to peace with Russia lay, not in Moscow, but in Warsaw and Paris. They knew, in the second place, that unless Mr. Lloyd George's hands were forced by an overwhelming expression of popular sentiment, he might well be persuaded into commitments which meant war. They knew, in the third, that the remedy was in their hands. If, as Mr. Thomas said, they deliberately challenged the British Constitution, that was because men have ceased to look to the present House of Commons either for common-sense or courage. Labor knew on Thursday that if war was to be prevented, it was only a striking manifestation of solidarity which would do it. The obvious means was the threat of a general strike. No one who heard the speeches on Friday could doubt that the threat was real. The resolution to down tools was passed amid a scene almost unexampled in Labor Congresses. For a moment after its unanimous passage there was deadly silence. Then, as its significance became apparent, a cheer went up which might have penetrated almost to Downing Street, not five hundred yards away. It was the first time since the war ended that the depth of labor sentiment had become apparent. It need not be made so clear again.

The attitude of the public to the threat is of great interest. Newspapers like the *Times* and the *Morning Post* do not conceal their anger at the usurpation by labor of constitutional power. More moderate opinion like that of the *Daily News* says with admirable bluntness that labor has made peace the only possible solution. The man in the street, as one hears him on the way to the city, feels a sense of relief that is almost beyond utterance. Everywhere there is a general contempt for Poland, a deep-seated suspicion of France. Indeed, Poland might well have been offered far worse terms without interesting the average Englishman in its welfare. A small fragment of intellectual opinion, a Catholic clique in the Foreign Office, these, with Mr. Churchill, are the only people prepared to defend the Polish adventure. If Germany had been involved it might have been different, for even labor has still to learn how vital is the necessity of a renewed understanding with Germany. Beyond that, Poland counted for nothing. Indeed, sooner than make war on behalf of foreign entanglements, the average Englishman would renounce the modern policy of continental interference for his traditional isolation.

But this adoption of direct action must not be understood as more than a limited adoption for a particular occasion. Neither Mr. Thomas nor Mr. Clynes would accept it for a purely domestic issue; and one gets the conviction that, outside the miners and a section of the transport workers, they represent the general sentiment of labor. The outlook is too uncertain for the mass of the workers to be anxious to put theories to the test. There is, of course, deep unrest; and a series of large wage-movements in the early autumn is foreshadowed already. Yet one does not get the impression of a discontent that, at the moment, goes deeper than it did a year ago. There is general resentment at the housing muddle. There is a widespread dissatisfaction with the Government's foreign policy. But there is not that drift toward the left which a superficial acquaintance with the labor press might suggest. On the contrary, the interest of the rank and file not less than of the leaders is concentrated more on the institutional development of trade unionism, particularly with the establishment of that General Staff for Labor which first emerged during the 1919 railway strike, than with the wider issues of the political system as a whole.

The miners are an exception. No one can travel in South Wales or Durham without the sense that the issue of nationalization is far from moribund. The government bill has been rejected by the Miners Federation; and they will refuse to work with it or under it. The bill itself has been mercilessly criticized in the House of Lords; and not even the coal owners can summon up enthusiasm about it. The miners have now definitely adhered to the policy of "freezing out profits" by demand for wage increases; and they allure the public sympathy by their insistence that the cost of coal can be reduced. Their argument depends on technical accounting statistics; but certainly it is apparent that the government has not answered their case. And the miners are strengthened in their action by the sympathy of independent minds like Lord Haldane and the recent adoption of their scheme by the International Miners' Conference at Geneva. The strike ballot will certainly be affirmative; and neither Mr. Smillie nor Mr. Hodges is to be cajoled by the diplomacy of Mr. Lloyd George.

The outlook is thus of special interest. Recent by-elections show clearly that if labor has not increased its hold upon the House of Commons, it is gaining ground in the

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constituencies. If it succeeds in its policy of no-war, it will have full energy to concentrate upon domestic issues, and no party has ever been so well served with ideas as is labor by its advisory committees. Its weakness—and it is a great weakness—is in the House of Commons. Neither Mr. Adamson nor Mr. Henderson has good health; Mr. Clynes carries weight in the House, but little outside it; Mr. Thomas is influential, but he is a little too friendly with such influences as that of Lady Astor, to be acceptable to the party as a whole. What the party needs is the power of the old blood like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Snowden, and the newer adherents like Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. R. H. Tawney. It needs, above all, to embark upon a far more extensive educational policy. One gets the sense, above all senses, in England that we are running a race between education and revolution. If labor gives to institutions like the Workingmen's Educational Association the support and funds they deserve, some way out of the present chaos may be found. Hope seems to be there. But the future lies so emphatically upon the knees of the gods that prophecy is worse than fruitless.

Italy's "Eastward Orientation"

By HIRAM K. MODERWELL

Rome, August 13

IN professional diplomatic circles they call it "assuming an eastward orientation." Others, according to temperament, call it "entering into relations with Moscow," or "extending de facto recognition to the Bolsheviki," or "shaking hands with murder." By whatever name they may call Italy's recent decision to exchange quasi-diplomatic agents with Soviet Russia, the fact that Lenin's government has been for all practical purposes recognized by a great western Power remains solid as cucumbers. Mr. Vosovsky, the Russian agent to Italy, is to have the diplomatic privileges of courier and code. The Italian agent will have reciprocal privileges. On this basis the two governments can transact their mutual business quite as effectively as they could through ministers fully clothed in ambassadorial powers and long-tailed coats. I do not know whether Mr. Vosovsky will be invited to diplomatic parties by the king, or whether the wife of the French ambassador will leave her card on Mrs. Vosovsky, if there be such a one. Probably not. But I am quite sure that Mr. Vosovsky and Mr. Giolitti will do business together.

Probably in the absence of formal diplomatic recognition, the average newspaper reader of the Entente countries will miss the full meaning of Italy's act. Indeed, it is intended that he should. Italy wants to draw the fullest possible advantage from the new Russian relation without straining to the breaking point the Entente which guarantees her coal and wheat. She does not want to give the Northcliffe papers too easy an opportunity to announce that "Italy joins red blackguards." She is more than willing to coddle a public opinion which allows itself to be swayed by formalities and phrases. But when the Italian politicians talk of their "orientation toward Moscow" they mean very distinctly that they have "oriented" away from Paris. They have not the slightest interest in the Entente as such, and their only interest in France is that sustained toward an enemy whom they hold to be tricky and dangerous. They want to do all they may safely do to break the Entente, the French continental system, and the Versailles treaty which sanctifies that system with Wilsonian jargon and African mercenaries.

Let it be understood. Italy's de facto recognition of Russia is not the work of Socialists. It is the work of an anti-Socialist government, a work achieved without the assistance, or even the knowledge, of the Socialists. It is supported by all the non-Socialist parties. It is most vigorously supported by the most narrowly nationalist parties. These politicians are acting from political, not economic, motives. Most of them admit with jolly carelessness that they do not understand much of economics. What they do understand is that Italy was done out of her Balkan annexations because France proclaimed the Slavic portions of the Austrian empire to be allies instead of enemies; that France has been patron to such rivals of Italy as Jugoslavia and Greece; that she has attempted to rebuild an Austrian empire under French influence to menace Italian interests under the form of a Danube confederation; and that she has succeeded in creating a quasi-alliance of small states, beginning with Bavaria and extending through Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary to Rumania and the Black Sea, which forms a diplomatic barrier between herself and the north. The Italian politician says that wherever he turns in Italy's interests, he finds traces of the mysterious and sinister hand of France. The average Italian nationalist seems to believe that the world is only a vast anti-Italian plot directed by France. The more intelligent nationalist, and the shrewd conservative like Nitti, knows that the French system is perturbing the peace of the world and driving Europe, including Italy, daily nearer bankruptcy. These political groups looked about for a counterpoise to France. Though they threw their influence, in the councils of the Entente, consistently against the excesses of French policy, this was not enough. Russia was the only power in a position to shatter the French system. At first cautiously and then at last openly, the Italian Government threw its support to Russia.

This Italian policy is, of course, a direct consequence of the peace of Versailles which suffocated the spirit of reconciliation and sought to enforce peace by putting swords into the hands of a dozen young and raw imperialisms. But the greater menace comes from the fact that each of these swords has been made from a plowshare. For so long as steel is used to kill and not to produce, the deterioration of the economic situation continues. So long as each of the new imperialisms is encouraged by a selfish national spirit to achieve its national prosperity at the expense of its neighbors instead of by cooperation with its neighbors, to seize or hold by force the things it needs for its life, so long Europe must continue to produce less than it consumes. This condition is affecting Italy disastrously. She has half-understood that unless the system is shattered her own future is chaos.

Last December the financial statement of Minister of the Treasury Schanzer showed a deficit of two milliard 800 million lire. Six months later Meda's statement showed the deficit to be twelve milliard. Neither statement includes any interest payments on the foreign debt; the Allies have been obliged to remit them. Meda's budget as estimated for the year 1920-21 is summarized as follows (in millions of lire):

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Ordinary receipts	10,000
Extraordinary receipts (sale of war stocks, etc.)	1,500
	11,500
Ordinary expenses	12,050
Extraordinary expenses	
1. Cereals	6,300
2. War, Marine, Colonies	2,850
3. Liberated and redeemed areas	2,000
4. Maritime traffic	500
Total expenses	23,700
Less total receipts	11,500
Deficit	12,200

Among the receipts is included the income from a capital and income tax more stringent than any yet imposed by any of the victorious Allies. [Two American business men of large affairs have just been telling me that this capital tax is a bad measure, England and France having both considered it recently and rejected it.] But most instructive is the item "cereals." It represents the deficit borne by the government in the sale of cheap bread to the people. Italy consumes some seventy-two million quintals of grain a year; she normally raises forty-eight million. This year, due to politico-psychological conditions, she can expect only forty million. Of this twenty-five million or more must be left with the peasants. There remains then a consumption of forty-seven million with only fifteen million of home produce to meet it. The remainder must be purchased abroad. It must be purchased in England where the lira is less than a third its normal value; in America, where the lira is less than a quarter.* And the people can be persuaded to pay no more than one lira a kilo for bread. The Nitti Government tried to raise the price of a lira and a half, and within two days there was barricade fighting in the streets of Bari. The project was withdrawn but the Nitti Government fell.

What hope is there of canceling this deficit through the restoration of normal exchange? Not much. Exchange, we may assume, depends on the balance of exports and imports. Italy's import and export figures of the present year show an appreciable improvement, due to the prohibition or discouragement of all imports except absolute necessities. But they are a long way from normal, to say nothing of repairing the accumulated disadvantage!

Where, then, shall Italy buy cheap wheat? Partly, of course, from Jugoslavia, if she can ever patch up her quarrel with that country and if that country can ever achieve a passable railroad system. But obviously and chiefly from Russia. Italy has used her influence within the Entente for the modification of the existing conditions. But always the sacred Treaty of Versailles stands in the way. Well, then, the Treaty of Versailles must be broken. Russia is the one power capable of doing it.

And so, sparing only the formalities, Italy turns her face to the East. Moral support to Moscow; the prestige of substantial recognition; facilities for doing business; perhaps moderate shipments of needed machinery—encouragement for revolution in Hungary—these are instruments in the new "orientation" intended to break the world-settlement which is now scarcely more than a year old.

*Indeed, the question now is not so much what Italy will have to pay for imported grain, as whether she can get it at all. Both North and South America have placed restrictions or embargoes on grain export.

Russia's Industrial Problem

By HENRY G. ALSBERG

Moscow, July 27

THE question of the productivity of industry in Soviet Russia is still acute, tangled, and difficult. Again, it is impossible to distinguish between what is due to six years of war—two and a half years of which have been civil war—and the blockade and what is due to the new system. Over ninety per cent of the population was illiterate before the war began. Probably only three per cent could have been counted as capable of intelligent administrative work, and of this three per cent one and a half went over to the "Whites" and sabotaged. Of the remaining one and one half per cent, three quarters of one per cent are at the front. Remains the little scant three quarters of one per cent to run this vast empire. I insist again that, for the present, the will must to a large extent be taken for the deed until peace returns.

Let me give one concrete example. I am living in the Dela Voyd Dvor Hotel. Most of the delegates to the Third International are being housed here. The hotel is poorly run. We are all morally sure that half the food is being stolen. There are forty servants who serve very poorly about forty guests. The commandant of the hotel appears to most of us as somewhat below normal. Why does the government not supply a better commandant? Because anybody in Russia at the present time with brains enough to be manager of a large hotel would probably be commander of an army corps, or chief of an important government department.

Russian industry at present does not function at more than 15 per cent of its former efficiency, generally speaking. There are many causes for this, of which three stand out as the most important. 1—The blockade. 2—Lack of transportation, which, naturally, in all except the Ural and Donetz districts, also accounts for the lack of fuel. 3—Lack of food.

1—I think the most important of these basic causes of low productivity is the blockade, which has had not only important material but also equally important moral effects. It is useless to say that the blockade has been the most useful asset the Entente could have presented to the Bolsheviki. One cannot deny that the blockade and the attack from without have consolidated all the public against the invader. The benefit is largely, therefore, political. Also, one must admit that at the present moment a considerable natural, economic blockade exists against Russia, because she has not very much to export against imports. On the other hand she has a great deal of gold to pay for manufactured articles, and certainly would have some credit based on natural resources. At any rate, countries like Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, and Latvia have been given their initial impetus toward recovery by just that sort of help from the outside. Quantities of things, that we consider merely elementary, such as medicines, medical supplies, rubber articles, sole leather, all of which were imported before, now are quite lacking in Russia. For instance, the hospitals have now only one thermometer to about every hundred patients. Thermometers never were manufactured in Russia. Neither were most of the disinfectants. I don't think I need recapit-

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ulate all the articles formerly imported that are now entirely missing. A very little imagination will help an American to visualize the situation if he will only think of Russia as a country in the same stage of industrial development as the United States was before the civil war.

But even more serious has been the moral effect of the blockade. Many of the officials have admitted the desolating effect of being cut off from the intellectual life of the western world for six years. Samashke, Commissar of Public Health, asked me whether I couldn't see that he got some scientific journals, because he actually did not know what advances science has been making. Absolute isolation, no foreign art, literature, science, news, has had a very depressing and even demoralizing effect, which one can only begin to understand if one is, as I have been, subjected to it for several months. And the intelligence of Russia has been facing this blockade for almost three years, and then three years' additional blockade of the great war! I think the whole of Russia will heave a tremendous sigh of relief and joy when free intercourse with the western world recommences.

2—The cry of lack of transportation has gone up continually in Russian propaganda. Personally I think it has been overdone. Like every other Russian industry, the railways have deteriorated tremendously since the March revolution and even since the beginning of 1917. Strange to say, however, the chief drop came so soon after the Bolsheviki seized the government that their regime could have had very little effect. The Labor Department here has pretty reliable statistics to show that the great drop came during the period of chaos and dissolution of 1917, and in the first months of 1918, when workingmen ceased working and factory owners and managers sabotaged. Since then the drop in productivity has been minimal, or, in many instances there has even been a rise.

If transportation has deteriorated, the causes have been the same as for deterioration in other industries. And if the transportation facilities do not improve it is for the same reason that the other industries do not improve in productivity. There are plenty of shops that could make new locomotives as well as repair them. I have been in several such factories, the Putiloff works, at Petrograd, and the Sernova works at Nijni-Novgorod. Near Moscow there are the old Singer Sewing Machine works, now devoted to locomotive repairing, and throughout Russia a host of other factories where locomotives could be repaired or even manufactured. But these factories at the present time do not produce enough actually to keep up with the wear and tear on the roads. If the railroads functioned properly, no doubt raw materials for the factories and food for the towns could be easily transported. But, since they do not, because the repair shops don't work, then we must come down to an inquiry as to why the men in the repair shops won't produce, because, in the last analysis, the productivity depends upon the workman's willingness or ability to work.

3—The plain fact of the matter is that the men will not work in the factories because they haven't enough to eat. But then the men haven't enough to eat because the peasants won't give them food. And why won't the peasants give the food? Because the factories can't give them any manufactured articles in exchange for said food. It all sounds like a hopeless nursery rigmarole, wiggling around in a sort of vicious circle. But as a matter of fact there are several proposed methods for breaking down the evil ring which now binds Russian industry.

First, however, I want to say a few words more concerning this matter of hunger in the factory. I have visited a goodly number of factories. I have spoken to a number of managers of factories. And I have been given the notes of other investigators who have visited factories not open to me. Everywhere one hears the same story. Many of the workmen have gone back to the villages because there they could get enough to eat. And of those workmen that remain on the pay-rolls, three-quarters shirk work or do not work at all, because in order to get the quantity of food over and above the pyok which is necessary to existence, they have to speculate—that is, they have to go into the country and bring things into town and sell them at a profit, or they have to buy and sell things on the market at a commission, as it were, in order to earn the necessary surplus. This whole subject really merits a long article in itself. But no intelligent understanding of the most elementary character of the Russian industrial situation is possible without consideration of this hunger factor. That lack of food accounts chiefly for lack of production cannot be doubted by anybody who has been going around in Russia with his eyes open. In the few factories where, either through the special enterprise of the manager or because of exceptional favor, as in the case of the American-Russian Instrument Factory, sufficient food is given the workmen, there is no lack of hands. The American-Russian Tool Factory has from three to five applicants daily for jobs. It is a small factory, employing not much over 150 men. Candidates must now pass an examination before being taken on.

The Russian industrial question, in the last analysis, resolves itself into a simple credit problem. If the peasant will not send food without an immediate return in plows and nails and shoes, and the workman will not produce these things unless he first gets food, then you have a deadlock, unless somebody comes along who can advance the food to the factory worker to make the plows and nails and shoes, and so start the ball of industry rolling. There are two solutions currently proposed here. The one believes that capital should be introduced from the outside, in the shape of plows, nails, and shoes, to start the flow of food from the peasants' bins. The other believes that a certain amount of private enterprise, of middleman's enterprise, should be allowed to get the food from the peasant on private credit, as in the old days, and so get it to the factories. The plain fact is that at the present moment the Soviet government has not sufficient machinery of distribution to keep the population supplied. Private speculation survives. But the old class of middlemen has been destroyed or driven underground. These latter people know how to get credit from the peasant, and get food on tick from him to advance to the city proletariat. I am among those that hold it will be much cheaper, in actual material as well as in political and social values, to resuscitate temporarily the middleman and small dealer, whose taking off is now almost universally admitted to have been untimely, in view of the fact that the government machine was so rudimentary. Foreign capital will make very onerous conditions, and will demand to be secured against the expropriatorial tendencies of an antagonistic system by heavy and costly guaranties. And the socialistic body will suffer materially and morally as a consequence.

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Self-Determining Haiti

III. GOVERNMENT OF, BY, AND FOR THE NATIONAL CITY BANK

By JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

FORMER articles of this series described the Military Occupation of Haiti and the crowd of civilian place holders as among the forces at work in Haiti to maintain the present status in that country. But more powerful though less obvious, and more sinister, because of its deep and varied radications, is the force exercised by the National City Bank of New York. It seeks more than the mere maintenance of the present status in Haiti; it is constantly working to bring about a condition more suitable and profitable to itself. Behind the Occupation, working conjointly with the Department of State, stands this great banking institution of New York and elsewhere. The financial potentates allied with it are the ones who will profit by the control of Haiti. The United States Marine Corps and the various office-holding "deserving Democrats," who help maintain the status quo there, are in reality working for great financial interests in this country, although Uncle Sam and Haiti pay their salaries.

Mr. Roger L. Farnham, vice-president of the National City Bank, was effectively instrumental in bringing about American intervention in Haiti. With the administration at Washington, the word of Mr. Farnham supersedes that of anybody else on the island. While Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, with the title of minister, is its representative in name, Mr. Farnham is its representative in fact. His goings and comings are aboard vessels of the United States Navy. His bank, the National City, has been in charge of the Banque Nationale d'Haiti throughout the Occupation.* Only a few weeks ago he was appointed receiver of the National Railroad of Haiti, controlling practically the entire railway system in the island with valuable territorial concessions in all parts.** The $5,000,000 sugar plant at Port-au-Prince, it is commonly reported, is about to fall into his hands.

Now, of all the various responsibilities, expressed, implied, or assumed by the United States in Haiti, it would naturally be supposed that the financial obligation would be foremost. Indeed, the sister republic of Santo Domingo was taken over by the United States Navy for no other reason than failure to pay its internal debt. But Haiti for over one hundred years scrupulously paid its external and internal debt—a fact worth remembering when one hears of "anarchy and disorder" in that land—until five years ago when under the financial guardianship of the United States interest on both the internal and, with one exception, external debt was defaulted; and this in spite of the fact that specified revenues were pledged for the payment of this interest. Apart from the distinct injury to the honor and reputation of the country, the hardship on individuals has been great. For while the foreign debt is held particularly in France which, being under great financial obligations to the United States since the beginning of the war, has not been able to protest effectively, the interior debt is held almost entirely by Haitian citizens. Haitian Government bonds have long been the recognized substantial investment for the well-to-do and middle class people, considered as are in this country, United States, state, and municipal bonds. Non-payment on these securities has placed many families in absolute want.

What has happened to these bonds? They are being sold for a song, for the little cash they will bring. Individuals closely connected with the National Bank of Haiti are ready purchasers. When the new Haitian loan is floated it will, of course, contain ample provisions for redeeming these old bonds at par. The profits will be more than handsome. Not that the National Bank has not already made hay in the sunshine of American Occupation. From the beginning it has been sole depositary of all revenues collected in the name of the Haitian Government by the American Occupation, receiving in addition to the interest rate a commission on all funds deposited. The bank is the sole agent in the transmission of these funds. It has also the exclusive note-issuing privilege in the republic. At the same time complaint is widespread among the Haitian business men that the Bank no longer as of old accommodates them with credit and that its interests are now entirely in developments of its own.

Now, one of the promises that was made to the Haitian Government, partly to allay its doubts and fears as to the purpose and character of the American intervention, was that the United States would put the country's finances on a solid and substantial basis. A loan for $30,000,000 or more was one of the features of this promised assistance. Pursuant, supposedly, to this plan, a Financial Adviser for Haiti was appointed in the person of Mr. John Avery McIlhenny. Who is Mr. McIlhenny? That he has the cordial backing and direction of so able a financier as Mr. Farnham is comforting when one reviews the past record and experience in finance of Haiti's Financial Adviser as given by him in "Who's Who in America," for 1918-1919. He was born in Avery Island, Iberia Parish, La.; went to Tulane University for one year; was a private in the Louisiana State militia for five years; trooper in the U. S. Cavalry in 1898; promoted to second lieutenancy for gallantry in action at San Juan; has been member of the Louisiana House of Representatives and Senate; was a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission in 1906 and president of the same in 1913; Democrat. It is under his Financial Advisership that the Haitian interest has been continued in default with the one exception above noted, when several months ago $3,000,000 was converted into francs to meet the accumulated interest payments on the foreign debt. Dissatisfaction on the

* The National City Bank originally (about 1911) purchased 2,000 shares of the stock of the Banque Nationale d'Haiti. After the Occupation it purchased 6,000 additional shares in the hands of three New York banking firms. Since then it has been negotiating for the complete control of the stock, the balance of which is held in France. The contract for this transfer of the Bank and the granting of a new charter under the laws of Haiti were agreed upon and signed at Washington last February. But the delay in completing these arrangements is caused by the impasse between the State Department and the National City Bank, on the one hand, and the Haitian Government on the other, due to the fact that the State Department and the National City Bank insisted upon including in the contract a clause prohibiting the importation and exportation of foreign money into Haiti subject only to the control of the financial adviser. To this new power the Haitian Government refuses to consent.

** Originally, Mr. James P. McDonald secured from the Haitian Government the concession to build the railroads under the charter of the National Railways of Haiti. He arranged with W. R. Grace & Company to finance the concession. Grace and Company formed a syndicate under the aegis of the National City Bank which issued $2,500,000 bonds, sold in France. These bonds were guaranteed by the Haitian Government at an interest of 6 per cent on $32,500 for each mile. A short while after the floating of these bonds, Mr. Farnham became President of the company. The syndicate advanced another $2,000,000 for the completion of the railroad in accordance with the concession granted by the Haitian Government. This money was used, but the work was not completed in accordance with the contract made by the Haitian Government in the concession. The Haitian Government then refused any longer to pay the interest on the mileage. These happenings were prior to 1915.

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part of the Haitians developed over the lack of financial perspicacity in this transaction of Mr. McIlhenny because the sum was converted into francs at the rate of nine to a dollar while shortly after the rate of exchange on French francs dropped to fourteen to a dollar. Indeed, Mr. McIlhenny's unfitness by training and experience for the delicate and important position which he is filling was one of the most generally admitted facts which I gathered in Haiti.

At the present writing, however, Mr. McIlhenny has become a conspicuous figure in the history of the Occupation of Haiti as the instrument by which the National City Bank is striving to complete the riveting, double-locking and bolting of its financial control of the island. For although it would appear that the absolute military domination under which Haiti is held would enable the financial powers to accomplish almost anything they desire, they are wise enough to realize that a day of reckoning, such as, for instance, a change in the Administration in the United States, may be coming. So they are eager and anxious to have everything they want signed, sealed, and delivered. Anything, of course, that the Haitians have fully "consented to" no one else can reasonably object to.

A little recent history: in February of the present year, the ministers of the different departments, in order to conform to the letter of the law (Article 116 of the Constitution of Haiti, which was saddled upon her in 1918 by the Occupation'* and Article 2 of the Haitian-American Convention**) began work on the preparation of the accounts for 1918-1919 and the budget for 1920-1921. On March 22 a draft of the budget was sent to Mr. A. J. Maumus, Acting Financial Adviser, in the absence of Mr. McIlhenny who had at that time been in the United States for seven months. Mr. Maumus replied on March 29, suggesting postponement of all discussion of the budget until Mr. McIlhenny's return. Nevertheless, the Legislative body, in pursuance of the law, opened on its constitutional date, Monday, April 5. Despite the great urgency of the matter in hand, the Haitian administration was obliged to mark time until June 1, when Mr. McIlhenny returned to Haiti. Several conferences with the various ministers were then undertaken. On June 12, at one of these conferences, there arrived in the place of the Financial Adviser a note stating that he would be obliged to stop all study of the budget "until the time when certain affairs of considerable importance to the well-being of the country shall be finally settled according to recommendations made by me to the Haitian Government." As he did not give in his note the slightest idea what these important affairs were, the Haitian Secretary wrote asking for information, at the same time calling attention to the already great and embarrassing delay, and reminding Mr. McIlhenny that the preparation of the accounts and budget was one of his legal duties as an official attached to the Haitian Government, of which he could not divest himself.

On July 19 Mr. McIlhenny supplied his previous omission in a memorandum which he transmitted to the Haitian Department of Finance, in which he said: "I had instructions from the Department of State of the United States just before my departure for Haiti, in a part of a letter of May 20, to declare to the Haitian Government that it was necessary to give its immediate and formal approval to:

1. A modification of the Bank Contract agreed upon by the Department of State and the National City Bank of New York.
2. Transfer of the National Bank of the Republic of Haiti to a new bank registered under the laws of Haiti, to be known as the National Bank of the Republic of Haiti.
3. The execution of Article 15 of the Contract of Withdrawal prohibiting the importation and exportation of non-Haitian money except that which might be necessary for the needs of commerce in the opinion of the Financial Adviser."

Now, what is the meaning and significance of these proposals? The full details have not been given out, but it is known that they are part of a new monetary law for Haiti involving the complete transfer of the Banque Nationale d'Haiti to the National City Bank of New York. The document embodying the agreements, with the exception of the clause prohibiting the importation of foreign money, was signed at Washington, February 6, 1920, by Mr. McIlhenny, the Haitian Minister at Washington and the Haitian Secretary of Finance. *The Haitian Government has officially declared that the clause prohibiting the importation and exportation of foreign money, except as it may be deemed necessary in the opinion of the Financial Adviser, was added to the original agreement by some unknown party.* It is for the purpose of compelling the Haitian Government to approve the agreements, including the "prohibition clause," that pressure is now being applied. Efforts on the part of business interests in Haiti to learn the character and scope of what was done at Washington have been thwarted by close secrecy. However, sufficient of its import has become known to understand the reasons for the unqualified and definite refusal of President Dartiguenave and the Government to give their approval. Those reasons are that the agreements would give to the National Bank of Haiti, and thereby to the National City Bank of New York, exclusive monopoly upon the right of importing and exporting American and other foreign money to and from Haiti, a monopoly which would carry unprecedented and extraordinarily lucrative privileges.

The proposal involved in this agreement has called forth a vigorous protest on the part of every important banking and business concern in Haiti with the exception, of course, of the National Bank of Haiti. This protest was transmitted to the Haitian Minister of Finance on July 30 past. The protest is signed not only by Haitians and Europeans doing business in that country but also by the leading American business concerns, among which are The American Foreign Banking Corporation, The Haitian-American Sugar Company, The Panama Railroad Steamship Line, The Clyde Steamship Line, and The West Indies Trading Company. Among the foreign signers are the Royal Bank of Canada, Le Comptoir Français, Le Comptoir Commercial, and besides a number of business firms.

We have now in Haiti a triangular situation with the National City Bank and our Department of State in two corners and the Haitian government in the third. Pressure is being brought on the Haitian government to compel it to grant a monopoly which on its face appears designed to give the National City Bank a strangle hold on the financial life of that country. With the Haitian government refusing to yield, we have the Financial Adviser who is, according to the Haitian-American Convention, a Haitian official charged with certain duties (in this case the

* "The general accounts and the budgets prescribed by the preceding article must be submitted to the Legislative Body by the Secretary of Finance not later than eight days after the opening of the Legislative Session."

** "The President of Haiti shall appoint, on the nomination of the President of the United States, a Financial Adviser who shall be attached to the Ministry of Finance, to whom the Secretary (of Finance) shall lend effective aid in the prosecution of his work. The Financial Adviser shall work out a system of public accounting, shall aid in increasing the revenues and in their adjustment to expenditures. . . ."

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approval of the budget and accounts), refusing to carry out those duties until the government yields to the pressure which is being brought.

Haiti is now experiencing the "third degree." Ever since the Bank Contract was drawn and signed at Washington increasing pressure has been applied to make the Haitian government accept the clause prohibiting the importation of foreign money. Mr. McIlhenny is now holding up the salaries of the President, ministers of departments, members of the Council of State, and the official interpreter. [These salaries have not been paid since July 1.]* And there the matter now stands.

Several things may happen. The Administration, finding present methods insufficient, may decide to act as in Santo Domingo, to abolish the President, cabinet, and all civil government—as they have already abolished the Haitian Assembly—and put into effect, by purely military force, what, in the face of the unflinching Haitian refusal to sign away their birthright, the combined military, civil, and financial pressure has been unable to accomplish. Or, with an election and a probable change of Administration in this country pending, with a Congressional investigation foreshadowed, it may be decided that matters are "too difficult" and the National City Bank may find that it can be more profitably engaged elsewhere. Indications of such a course are not lacking. From the point of view of the National City Bank, of course, the institution has not only done nothing which is not wholly legitimate, proper, and according to the canons of big business throughout the world, but has actually performed constructive and generous service to a backward and uncivilized people in attempting to promote their railways, to develop their country, and to shape soundly their finance. That Mr. Farnham and those associated with him hold these views sincerely, there is no doubt. But that the Haitians, after over one hundred years of self-government and liberty, contemplating the slaughter of three thousand of their sons, the loss of their political and economic freedom, without compensating advantages which they can appreciate, feel very differently, is equally true.

The next article of the series will be entitled "The Haitian People."

Poor Man's Music

By M. P. WILLCOCKS

HE is a spare man, as country postmen are apt to be who have walked on an average twenty miles a day for a matter of thirty years. In a cold wind he coughs and seems to hug himself against the draught. But the fact he makes you realize is the absolute simplicity of joy. In his case, and it is a miracle of sixty years, it depends on nothing more than a sensitive ear. He has tested the quality of all the church-bells in the district and will stop, forefinger raised and blue eyes alert, to make you understand that the fifth in a certain peal is not true. True sound is his test of all truth; not only will he walk four miles to a nightingale copse, but he can tell how the bird's note varies with the winds of every different spring. He collects good nightingale years as other men note vintages.

Yet all his life he has lived on the edge of beauty with a gulf of ugly circumstance between him and fulfilment. It is strange, this sense of frustrated desire, that has but served to whet his appetite, leaving him with a deeper bliss ahead. For in a beautiful country, the Somersetshire flats, the land of cloud-shadows that flit across a sea of green, with pollarded willows and the straight water "rhines" that glitter in the sun, all framed by the blue Mendip distances, he lives in the one ugly place, a town that once flourished on beer but is now squalid with disused factories and tumble-down cottages. In this part the women vie with Dutch housewives and go down on their knees to wash the pavement in front of their houses. Every day at Sam's home, whatever happens, and even when it is pouring, the day's work begins with the scrubbing of the flags outside his door. For his wife, Eliza, "cleans on the top of what's clean," and all his life her efficiency has been Sam's law. With it they have reared eight children, but all the time he has felt—and she knows it—that she would have been happier with a husband who could "knock up a fowl-house" in his odd times instead of playing Handel or studying the scores of Father Bach. Yet it was she who saved enough out of the housekeeping money to buy him first a harmonium and then a piano for that front-room parlor which in winter time is useless to him because they can't afford two fires.

The best way to get to the heart of that household is to sit down with Eliza of a late afternoon. The old living-room is shadowy, deep-set, with thick walls and a low window. But there is a big fire in the stove grate, with an iron kettle hanging over it on a chain and a cat in a tight ball on the rug. Eliza, who has just been out to feed the fowls, crosses her firm hands at her waist and begins; she is no eternally knitting woman. Her face is worn and alert, but not tense, because she has always been master of herself and so at ease. She has the rigid figure of one who has borne many children, but her tongue is wonderful. She sees pictures, and every time she gives you the essentials. You are not surprised to learn that she has begun to speak a bit at political meetings.

Her talk of old times comes first. It is all about barriers and how you have to bring them down. For she started in life as a pupil teacher in an elementary school—and her father was a dissenter. And before she could rise in the world into a full-fledged teacher with a career it was evident she must be confirmed in the church. But her father was a thinking cobbler, with another thinking cobbler for friend, and the two friends would knock off work again and again to dispute the point—to confirm, or not to confirm. Then the vicar called and persuaded, threatened, coaxed; but the cobblers downed him by eloquence. There should be no bowing in the house of Rimmon for her father's daughter, no, not for the sake of conquering the world. She was not confirmed, and so lost her step in life. But she is prouder than an aristocrat of the stuff she comes from, and looks on her life since as a sort of point-to-point race through Liberalism, Cooperation, and Labor, with old liberal friends horrified now at the way she has "upped" and gone with the times, producing two socialist sons, and one of these a sucking labor leader. She is for the open road, this daughter of the cobbler.

Of Sam, her man, there is not a word except a bit of a sigh that his health has broken early. If only he could have held on a year or two longer, the pension from the Post Office would have been so much bigger. One feels that, like poor health, music in a husband is a thing to put up with. Not

* See documents in International Relations Section.

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that she says so. Instead, she talks about how they bought the piano by instalments and not without an attempt by the dealer to foist off a poor instrument on a workingman. It was Eliza, not Sam, who at last got in a real musician to test that piano. She always buys the best fruit for her jam, and she chooses all extras, such as pianos and plays, on the same principle. When they couldn't get the landlord to repair the house, she sent for the mason herself and gave notice to the landlord that he would get no rent till he paid that mason. When she gives the cat his milk, she picks him up and holds his head to the saucer, lest he should "finick" over his victuals. The last cat had short shrift when he ate chickens, and she sees nothing of her neighbors except when they want advice in their troubles or want to borrow a shilling. She it is, rather than Sam, who seems responsible for the efficient sons. These have all a strong grip on fact, an exactitude in statement, and a faculty of disentangling things. Yet through them all there runs a strain of beauty that is the rare finish of their father's nature. One son can take a solo part in the "Elijah"; another reads every modern play he can lay hands on, poring over them in the hedgeside on his rounds as a country postman. When Sam has taken a cup of tea up to his missus in the early morning, he always goes into the front room for ten minutes with Mendelssohn, or Handel, or Bach. For years father's music has been his children's walking-bell in the dawn. It sets him ready, he says, for the humdrum day, this music in the freshness after sleep.

With him his love of music is direct, unescapable. That walk he once took along the Great North Road from New Barnet through the Finchleys, Highgate, Kentish Town, and King's Cross to St. Paul's with the glory of anticipation before him is a great memory yet. But at the first notes his heartbeats nearly killed him; it seemed as though heaven were opening to a mortal, for he had been a country boy. The traditions of his boyhood are of poverty, dull and grinding yet dogged by fugitive impressions of beautiful sound. It is of people that his wife always talks, of people and ideas that even today are of incalculable strength in a changing world. But Sam will never discuss how his son shapes as a labor speaker. He lives, not in his children, but in himself, so wonderful to him in his private domain.

His father, a Buckinghamshire laborer, had so many children that for many years there was always a baby on tap, so to speak. It was his father's habit to retire early to bed every night, taking with him the baby of the moment and there to sing with the child beside him, mostly old church hymns. So came the dawn of consciousness to this man of music—his father's voice singing Newton's Begone Unbelief from the "Olney Hymns" to the tune called Hanover. There was also "Not all the blood of beasts on Jewish altars slain" and "All ye that pass by," by Charles Wesley. The poor man, his father, had not in one sense much to give, yet in another it was a royal gift when, in that one upstair room, the family bedroom, he opened the gates of sound for his boy. Of his mother he remembers little, except that she was a silent woman.

The gates of the kingdom opened fully before he was fourteen, in the magic time when manhood was awaking. At this period he was a crow-starver, a boy who spent hours a day with a clapper in the fields of seeding wheat to scare the birds away. He earned at this three shillings a week, and when his father was out of work he supported the family on it. Often of a snowy day his father, coming up to bring the child his dinner, would send him home to the fire and take his place. But this was a sunny Sunday in spring, with the winter wheat pushing. The boy lay in a field half asleep, young warm limbs on warm earth with life pulsing in both. The bells of several parishes were going for afternoon service, and in the warmth of the wind the sound came to him across the young green. And then there sounded, so he says, in the air overhead, such music as he had never heard before, such music as he never heard again, as though a heavenly overworld had opened. Today he quotes Comus when he tells the story.

> I was all ear,
> And took in strains that might create a soul
> Under the ribs of death.

But he has never spoken to his children or his wife of this. It is with him even now, after all these years, as though one had accidentally felt the wind of a god's passing. And although in words he puts as the cause of this experience the church bells heard in a dreaming moment, in his heart there lies another thought than that—of a divine world opened for a second to the poor crow-starver and to him alone.

One catches a glimpse of the boy he was when with fingers stiff with labor he touches the keys of the piano, playing Beethoven's "Hymn to Creation," or when he conjectures that if all brains had been Unitarian in temper there would have been none of the music and painting which has been called forth by the worship of the Madonna. His wife takes him every Sunday to the Unitarian chapel. There is a certain bitterness in him at the stiffness of his fingers, and at remembering that his boy's voice was strained by shouting at crows. It is a joy when at the local "pictures" the pianoforte accompanist who knows him well strikes up the march he has composed and called "The Postman." Up in the music rack at the chapel, too, is a copy of a piece of church music by him. But he is a poor man, and so the organist has never chosen it to play. The other day he removed the score.

What he lives for is the sense of sudden freedom given him by his music. His wife it is, not he, who broods over human ties. She tells you of that strange afternoon when her boy, who died in the war, was to go back after his first—and only—leave. He fell asleep on the sofa by the fire and as the hands crept nearer to the minute when he must start for the station, she hesitated whether she should wake him. And yet, if she did not——

She woke him and on the Monday after he had gone back to France, as they sat at tea, she was facing the little deep-

Contributors to This Issue

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set window. Suddenly, when her husband cried out, "Why, mother, what's the matter with you?" she felt her face go white and she burst out crying. She never told them at the table, but what she saw was her boy looking in at the window. He was killed on that Monday, and now, she says, he is often about the house. They talk of leaving it sometimes, but if they do, I know she will feel he is gone even further away than he is now.

Sam speaks of the same time, but what he talks of is how, being off duty on the Sunday morning when the news came, he met old Jem, the other postman, with the letter. As Sam opened it, he thought it was from his son, so like was the Sergeant's fist, and said: "Lucky dog, the boy is. He's not had a wound and yet he's where a man hasn't one chance of life in fifty." And then, looking up from reading what he held, he said: "Jem, he's gone." Just like that. And Jem said, "Never. You don't mean it."

But Sam said he never, at the time, felt it more than that. He worried that he'd have to tell the boy's mother and that it was a Sunday. How ever would they get over the day? But he went back and called from the bottom of the stairs: "Mother, something's wrong with Bert. . . ." But she played the woman, he says, and they got through the day somehow.

But as to whether he will ever see his son again, he doesn't know. He doesn't think about that. Yet on the morning's round, with all the country waking to new life, when he gets thinking as to what the boy felt and whether he suffered much and whether he thought of them all at home—"Why, then it's often very hard to get down what stands for one's breakfast. It seems so uncommon dry."

In the old days he used sometimes, when on the round, to set about composing a Te Deum of his own. Or he would boom through the lingering syllables of Grey's Elegy. But now, for a time at least, the world of fact has closed round him. He has a favorite saying: "The house of bondage is never far off." And I'm afraid he says it most often when, in the midst of music, the door opens and his wife comes in.

All the same, what he said first when they retired him was: "And now I shall enjoy *this* spring, anyway."

In the Driftway

A STORY has been going the rounds of the European press about Tangier and an international commission. Since it concerns Tangier, the story is naturally picturesque, and since it concerns an international commission, it is inevitably a joke. Some years ago the commission was created to name the streets of the city, and debated many moons on a suitable designation for the principal thoroughfare. The British representative proposed Shakespeare, the French delegate Racine, and the Spanish member Cervantes. Time rolled by but each delegate remained firm, unwilling to cede a point that would involve any loss of prestige for his country. Finally an appeal was made to some neutrals, one of whom, with a flash of genius, suggested Adam. It was agreed. Adam seemed an individual at once eminent and sufficiently international to wound nobody's pride and satisfy all demands. So they had a metal plate made with the name and bore it forth ceremoniously to christen the street. Arrived at the principal corner, they were about to affix the plate when they looked up—and discovered a sign there already which said "Via Garibaldi." The Italians had named the street a year or so previously, and the designation had been known to and accepted by all the population except the international commission. According to last reports, the latter body had retired to its chambers, to resume its discussion of the claims of Shakespeare, Racine, and Cervantes, with a view to picking out a name for the second most important street.

* * * * *

WHEN last the Drifter was in Tangier that main thoroughfare, over the name of which the international commission pondered so long and vainly, was a glory to traverse. It twisted and turned up the hill from the pier, past the Great Mosque, past the principal cafes, past the market place, to the French legation on the heights. It was a maelstrom of animation and noise, a mixture of men and beasts, a motion picture reel of oriental life; but the Drifter could never take in many of its details, for there was no sidewalk and if one took his eyes for a moment off the path ahead to fix them on an object at one side—wollop! A load of bags or casks protruding from some donkey's back would clout him on the head and send him careening against the walls of the houses or his fellow pedestrians.

* * * * *

IT was of wonderful breadth, that main street—fully twenty feet. The other streets were not more than eight, six, or even four. They wound and wound and wound, between houses nearly all coated alike with a whitish stucco and with almost no windows on the streets. There were no signs, and it took a wise man to find his way around among these lanes between blank walls. On the day of his arrival in Tangier the Drifter set out to visit the American consulate. Learning that it was only a minute's walk from his hotel, he disdained the proffered services of a guide and went forth alone. After more than an hour's search, during which he was completely lost, the Drifter was thankful to get back to his hotel. He deferred his visit to the consulate until next day, when he was humble enough to accept the services of a guide. Yet the Drifter is sorry to learn that they are naming the streets of Tangier. To him they were always a symbol of the oriental mind—uncharted, mysterious, and inscrutable. As the Moors themselves would say: "Allah confound the Christians!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Maxim Gorky, Brown, Hale, and Hearty!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Here is something strange. You will remember Bertrand Russell's moving description of Maxim Gorky as he found him in Moscow, mortally ill in bed. "Gorky is dying," wrote Russell. Subsequently he disclaimed any thought of holding the dictatorship of the proletariat responsible for Gorky's ill-health. But now comes a letter to the *New Yorker Volkszeitung* from a correspondent in Russia, dated Petrograd, July 7, 1920, with the following passage:

". . . And who should come along but Maxim Gorky, himself, big, brown, hale and hearty, broad-shouldered and wholesome. We pressed hands. He urges me to come and see him. . . ."

Many readers of *The Nation* will be glad to have this assurance that Gorky is not so ill as Russell imagined.

New York City, August 25 KENNETH DURANT

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Passage

By ELIZABETH BABCOCK

A swallow cannot fly so far
  In one whole day
As from your house to mine.
And yet, when I stopped yesterday—
The shadow said 'twas five o'clock—
To tie a little tumbled vine,
I saw your thought of me—a bird—
Flash by the yellow hollyhock.

A swallow cannot fly so far.
But in some strange, some winged way,
I was close-standing where you are.
And there the thought that I had seen
In the swift passing of a bird—
A gray wing in my garden's green—
  I heard.

Books

A Studied Insult to Democracy

The French Revolution: A Study in Democracy. By Nesta H. Webster. E. P. Dutton and Company.

SINCE the appearance, a dozen years ago, of Prince Kropotkin's interpretation of "The Great French Revolution" as an agrarian proletarian movement, "the source and origin of all the present communist, anarchist, and socialist conceptions," no book on this subject of perennial interest has come with a sharper challenge to the educated public than Mrs. Webster's volume. The author's thesis is substantially this: the Revolution was not a great popular movement for liberty, equality, and fraternity, but a series of intrigues engineered by Orleanist conspirators, joined with German anarchists, to thwart the reforms which the enlightened Louis XVI and his generous nobles and clergy had entered upon for the happiness of the people of France. The English-reading public has been deceived by the Prussianized Carlyle and by the novelists and historians who have followed his lead into taking the Revolutionary protagonists like Mirabeau and Danton at their own estimate and making earnest with the hypocritical professions of democratic zeal with which they covered their venal treachery to king and people alike. The Terror, instead of being an episode incidental to the tremendous disturbance in social and political life caused by the necessary destruction of the old regime and heightened by the danger of foreign invasion and counter-revolution, was from the beginning the very principle of the Revolution, and was itself the cause of destruction, war, and anarchy. The Revolution produced nothing good—only eighty years of unrest. "France had a far clearer conception of liberty, even of democracy, during the years that precede the Revolution than in those that followed after" (p. 489). "It was not ideas of liberty that the Revolution bequeathed to France, but a legacy of bitterness, of envy, and of strife" (p. 490).

Before examining Mrs. Webster's defense of this astonishing theory of the total depravity of the French Revolution, let us acknowledge the undoubted merits of the book. It shows an immense amount of careful study and is fortified on every page with reference to authorities, mostly contemporary. The style is fascinating, the temper sincere, and the argument (granting the hypotheses) convincing. But there are faults of method, prejudices of standpoint, and manipulations of material, which make the book not only a most biased interpretation of the French Revolution but one of the most mischievous and malicious attacks on democracy that have come to our notice.

The fundamental fault of Mrs. Webster's book is the utter ignoring of the abuses of the old regime. Six pages of a Prologue to a book of over 500 pages are devoted to "the people before the Revolution," and the burden of these pages is to show that Louis XVI "had embarked in the work of reform with the cooperation of Turgot and Malesherbes" when he was suddenly interrupted by a great conspiracy instigated by the Duke of Orleans, who wished to supplant him on the throne. All the rest of the book is the history of this conspiracy. It is a drama in five acts of mounting violence—the storming of the Bastille, the march on Versailles, the invasion of the Tuileries, the massacres of September, and the Reign of Terror. These events have no roots in the generations of royal, ecclesiastical, and feudal tyranny and obscurantism that preceded the summons of the Estates General; they are only the desperate plots of a depraved noble of the blood, encouraged by Prussian intrigue. The labors of De Tocqueville, Taine, Quinet, Droz, Cherest, and a host of other scholars in exposing the abuses of the old regime are passed over without notice. They would be detrimental to the author's hypothesis that the Revolution was the plot of enraged "subversives" against an enlightened and progressive monarchy. Imagine writing the history of the American Revolution in a series of pen-pictures describing the Conway Cabal, the treason of Arnold, the flight of the Congress from Philadelphia, and the Newburgh mutiny, with not a word about the Grenville legislation or the Intolerable Acts!

Louis XVI "embarked on reform" with the help of Turgot, says Mrs. Webster. The truth is that Turgot embarked on reform with the promise of help from Louis—and was basely deserted by the monarch at the instigation of the Queen, the clergy, and the nobles. This is but a typical instance of Mrs. Webster's perversion of facts. Her devotion to the court of the old regime is so extreme that it leads her into ludicrous misrepresentations. The King undoubtedly was a kindly soul and a man of private virtues, but he was dull, heavy, lazy, and reedless. In Mrs. Webster's pages he displays surprising knowledge of shipbuilding (p. 28), he "carries out the principles of democracy to their utmost conclusion" (p. 53), he "comprehends the tangible needs of the people" (p. 139), he acts with "sound common sense" in his relations with the assembly (p. 145), he "knows his history well," and he is "the best geographer in his kingdom" (p. 204). All this, and much more to the same effect, is simply bosh. The Queen is portrayed as a noble patriotic woman, whose one aim was to thwart the Prussian intrigues to overturn the throne of France and break the Austrian alliance. The clergy were men of "unbounded charity" (p. 47) and "immense liberality" (p. 18) because the Archbishop of Paris contributed his silver plate to help relieve the distress of famine. No mention is made of Cardinal Rohan, Talleyrand, or the Abbé of St. Croix. The refusal of the clergy to pay a respectable fraction of their obligations to save the state from bankruptcy is not thought worthy of notice. Mrs. Webster passes by the persecution urged by the clergy under the old regime and their proscription of the entire work of the scholars of the humanitarian and scientific movement, but dwells at enormous length on the pathetic scenes of their own suffering in the massacres. She does not tell how the unspeakable Loménie de Brienne, after he was dismissed amid the execrations and lampoonings of the nation, was loaded with honors by the court—a cardinal's hat and a large pension for himself, a coadjutorship for a nephew, a place in the Queen's household for a niece. In short, Mrs. Webster ignores completely the real causes of the French Revolution.

In her use of authorities Mrs. Webster, in spite of professions of scientific impartiality, shows unwarrantable partisanship. Aulard, the greatest of present day students of the Revolution, is ignored. Louis Madelin is "occasionally referred to." If the work of modern scholars were neglected only to give the

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right of evidence to contemporary historians of the Revolution, there would be no complaint to offer. But among those contemporaries Mrs. Webster shows persistent preference for the royalists. Sympathizers with the Revolution she finds conveniently unreliable, but the royalist authorities like Montjoie, Beaulieu, and Ferrières she quotes at length. She confesses that Montjoie has a "violent animosity" toward the Orleanists, and that "his accusations against them should not be accepted unless confirmed by other contemporary evidence" (p. xiii), yet again and again she quotes his unsupported evidence for her statements—or fortifies them from Ferrières, "an anti-Orleanist," who "throws an interesting light on the intrigue at work behind the earlier revolutionary movement" (p. xiv). And this, in spite of her acknowledgment that "to condemn an individual or a party on the word of their enemies, or to absolve them on the testimony of their accomplices, is as absurd as if one were to accept evidence at a trial without inquiring into the identities of the witnesses" (p. xi). But this was written anent the accomplices of the Revolutionary leaders, and not of the courtiers.

A fixed idea of the author, obtruded at every point of her narrative, is the complicity of the Revolutionary leaders with Prussia. Of course, at the present time the serviceability of such a conviction in her readers to the establishment of the theory of the diabolical nature of the Revolution is obvious. The Jacobin Club grew out of the disciples of the German Illuminati, whose program was the "overturning of religion and government" (p. 191). The War of 1792 "was brought about by the Girondins largely in the interests of Prussia" (p. 208). "Of all the revolutionary legends, the legend of 'patriotic fervor' displayed by the leaders is the most absurd of all [*sic*]" (p. 247). It was not against the invaders but against the king—the expert geographer king, who was "carrying out the principles of democracy to their utmost conclusions"—that the people were stirred up (*ibid.*). Valmy gives Mrs. Webster a momentary pause, but she recovers quickly. Of course "the *defeat* of Valmy was a superb victory for Prussia." For to have reestablished the Bourbons on the throne would have been to open the way to a renewal of the Franco-Austrian alliance (p. 352). Mrs. Webster is too clever to be caught by any little trick like Valmy. The net result of the mishandling of the King was to bring the Prussian hordes into Paris in the end. "The 6th of October, 1789, proved but the prelude to the 8th [18th] of January, 1871" (p. 171). Mrs. Webster forgets that the government which fell before the Prussians in 1870-71 was just the most successful copy of the old regime in its manifold "abuses" that France had seen in the century.

In her anxiety to show that the Revolution had no justification in the social and political condition of France under the old regime and no real support from the people ("for in every country the characteristic of the true people is hatred of innovation"!) (p. 406), Mrs. Webster is led into strange contradictions. On one page she makes the people the dupes of charlatans like Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre; and on the next page she represents the king and the Constitution as borne like an ark "in that mighty tide—*the will of the people*" (p. 256). "The people," she says on page 116, "by calumny, corruption, and terror, were made to work out their own destruction, to kill their best friends, and to strike down the hands that fed them"; but on page 479 she says that France "was saved from internal ruin and disruption, *in spite of the Terror*, by the indomitable spirit of her *people*." Mrs. Webster's book purports to be "a study in democracy," but in fact she has as little understanding of the people as do most apologists for the rule of privilege. She is interested in the beneficent court and in its diabolical enemy, the Orleanist-Prussian conspiracy. The people serve as the episodic chorus to one or the other of these protagonists.

There are very few slips in specific statement of fact. Maurepas was not "dismissed" but died in office in 1781 (p. 26); the Tiers were not "informed that the hall must be closed to debates" on the 20th of June, 1789, but assembled at the gates only to find them shut and guarded by soldiers of the king's guard (p. 48); Mirabeau did not "support the royal veto" a week before his stentorian dismissal of De Brézé (p. 50), for the discussion of the Constitution did not begin until several weeks later; there was no "anarchic code known as the *Constitution de l'An II*" "adopted" without further reference to the "desires of the people" (p. 414). The *Constitution de l'An I*, which Mrs. Webster has in mind, was submitted to a plebiscite and adopted by a vote of 1,801,918 to 11,610, but was never put into effective operation. Yet, however accurate in detail, Mrs. Webster's book is misleading from beginning to end. It is founded on a narrow prejudice in favor of the old regime. The king is represented as a modern Saint Louis, sitting beneath his oak at Vincennes to receive the petitions of his people (p. 370), whereas as a matter of fact twelve Breton nobles who came to Versailles with a petition were thrown into the Bastille. Not a courtier or an abbé is shown in an unfavorable light. On the other hand, no opportunity is missed to present in the worst light possible every revolutionary leader. There is a characteristic bit of sophistry in the very motto inscribed on the title page—St. Just's statement that "the popular revolution was the surface of a volcano of foreign conspiracies." Every student of the French Revolution knows that St. Just used these words in an entirely different kind of apologetic from Mrs. Webster's.

It is astonishing that Mrs. Webster could write this encomium on the old regime in France in the full twentieth century, and it is more astonishing still that several scholars who bear well-known names could have been "taken in" by her clever plea. There was some excuse for Burke's *Reflections*. The immense gains of the Revolution were not yet manifest in his day. But even Burke was moderation itself in the judgment of the great movement in comparison with Mrs. Webster. He only thought the Revolutionary leaders "pettifogging lawyers" and "country attorneys," bunglers who "set up a trade without the knowledge to use their tools." Mrs. Webster makes them villains. Burke saw in the frivolous Marie Antoinette simply a fairy figure who should wake feelings of chivalry in any man. Mrs. Webster elevates this pretty trifler, with the mentality of a manicurist, into a noble patriotic woman standing between her country and her country's implacable foe, the Prussian. Burke, in Tom Paine's classic jibe, "pities the plumage and forgets the dying bird." Mrs. Webster picks up the dying bird and wrings its neck. The book is called "a study in democracy"; it is a studied insult to democracy from cover to cover.

D. S. Muzzey

Çannan the Mystic

The Release of the Soul. By Gilbert Cannan. Boni and Liveright.

IT is not unlikely that many, perhaps most, of the people who read Mr. Cannan's new book will wonder what he is driving at. A little of this bewilderment will be due to Mr. Cannan himself; for when he passes over from the dramatic to the discursive a certain elusiveness invades his speech. His hand is surer at the business of painting a portrait than at that of stating an idea. In this book, however, the obscurity of which the ordinary reader may complain is due chiefly to the subject-matter. The mildest mysticism will be unintelligible to a generation which has gone to school with pragmatists; and in this volume Mr. Cannan has gone (as they would say in Scotland) "far ben." Moreover, the subject has no standardized idiom; each mystic has his own vocabulary, and you are never sure that he is giving to a word the meaning that you are accustomed to give it. Here, for instance, Mr. Cannan uses "soul" and "spirit" in senses almost exactly the reverse of the familiar New Testament usages. Until one masters the mystic's private polarization of words and phrases, it is idle to expect his pages to be

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easy reading. Beside all this, and of still more consequence, the mystic takes you into a region which you cannot traverse—even in his company—without the kindling of a sixth sense; and as few moderns appear to possess this sense, or even to be aware of its existence, the "reading public" will solemnly wonder whether Mr. Cannan's mind is not beginning to give way.

Mr. Cannan will doubtless take this view of the case as a sort of indorsement. For it is what another generation said of William Blake; and Mr. Cannan would conceivably feel complimented to find himself assigned to so good company. Mr. Cannan is at bottom trying to do for his own time what Blake endeavored to do for his. In the current pulpit idiom, both men are concerned with proclaiming the primacy of "spiritual values." Neither, perhaps, would recognize their message under this description, yet it is in some such idiom that both will have to be interpreted to the average man who despite his religious indifference is still soaked in the evangelical ideology. There is, however, a considerable difference in the precise content that Mr. Cannan would give to the word "spiritual." According to the evangelical tradition of the nineteenth century, we are involved in a dualism, not to say an antithesis, of spiritual and material. And this dualism Mr. Cannan in common with Blake would deny. Blake once said that the body is that part of the soul that we can see, and he might have gone on to say in similar terms that the world is that part of the universe that we can see. For the Mid-Victorian evangelical there were two worlds, the world that is and the world that is to be, and the problem of life resolved itself into one of making the best of both worlds—of getting on in this world and getting safely into the next. And his solution was simple—honest business for this world and religion for the next. The two worlds were conceived as being separated by a distance of time—two worlds, as it were, in succession. But what Mr. Cannan would have us realize is that the world of sense and the world of spirit are one and the same, that really to live is to live in both at the same time. It is perhaps inevitable that we should continue to think and speak in terms of a dualism; and no great harm is done so long as we realize that two worlds which may be distinguished in thought are inseparable in fact, that in spite of appearance there is no real schism of spiritual and material in life. But the present disintegration of life is due largely to the domination of our minds by this dualism, and the consequent tendency to mistake a part of the universe for the whole or to deny one part of it in favor of the other. The mystic and the philosophical idealist have tended to deny the seen, and the practitioner of *Realpolitik* and the man in the street have denied the unseen. The true attitude is that which affirms the reality and the unity of both, and sets out to realize the one in the other.

Mr. Cannan draws a vivid picture of the unreality of the world which men have fashioned for themselves to live in. He apparently takes the Bergsonian view that the intellect, fashioned to deal with matter, has got into the saddle and has been able to determine the world of our common life. But from the nature of the case such a world as the intellect would create is only partial, and therefore disproportionate and distorted. It is a world of perverse emphases and illusions, and the people who live in it spend themselves in the pursuit of things that do not and cannot satisfy them. It is purely a world of things, and its governing philosophy is that a man's life consists in the multitude of the things he possesses. The logic of this way of life has plunged us into the abyss of war, and, seemingly, we have learned so little from the bloody discipline of the last few years that we have no thought but of reconstructing our Vanity Fair as speedily as possible, and of building other and greater Cities of Destruction. Meanwhile the nobler and more precious part of life—the part that is out of sight and which Mr. Cannan calls the soul—is sleeping away to death within us.

In "Pink Roses" Mr. Cannan makes one of his characters say that life is a number of little things acutely realized. The trouble of the modern world lies in the poverty of its faculty of realization. If it could only find its soul, it would learn how few things are after all needful to the joy and the fulfilment of life. Mr. Cannan has written this book with the single purpose of evoking the soul and turning it upon the world of men and things so that a new world may be born, of enabling men to recognize that the new world is already round about them if only they had eyes to see it. At present the field of vision is crowded with the peep-show of the politicians, the circus of so-called statecraft, the tragi-comedy of militarism, the puppet show of diplomacy, the farce of commercialized art, and the rest of the make-believe that constitutes this sham we call civilization. We shall hope in vain for any kind of new world worth living in until some such miracle happens as Mr. Cannan describes; and what he has written does much to prepare the way for the miracle. The book is one of those which must be read two or three times over before its whole significance becomes clear; but it is abundantly worth that trouble.

RICHARD ROBERTS

Labor's Lear

Labor and the Employer. By Samuel Gompers. E. P. Dutton and Company.

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Gompers is the king of American labor. Sections of the movement have outgrown him. Certain unions, such as the Amalgamated Garment Workers, have swept out beyond him. Some of the rank and file inside his Federation are promoting ideas of which he does not approve. There are liberal and radical elements which refuse his leadership. His enemies find him an impediment in a time of rapid social change. They allege that if the American Federation of Labor were one more competitive concern, like a motor factory or trust company, a concern of meager social importance in an overstocked world, then we could forgive this one strong man for rigging his machine at the center, for drilling his pliable officials, for shaping the organization as the instrument of his purpose. But, they say of the American Federation of Labor, here is the only repository of the efforts and hopes of millions, the one channel for their collective will. It ought to be theirs, not his. And yet the fact remains that the opposition has not produced an individual who can measure up to him. After all has been said that can be well said about machine manipulation, this seventy-year-old president remains in control because he outweighs, outwits, out-debates those who would trip him into oblivion. Mr. Gompers grew into power at a time when American labor was distracted by numerous vague and small industrial and political movements. His ideas received their deep set from those days when he fought disruption. He founded his Federation in a certain policy. He is now loath to toss that policy into the melting-pot of a world-revolution.

"Labor and the Employer" shows Mr. Gompers in agreement with the leaders of labor in Western Europe over perhaps three-quarters of the fundamentals in trade union policy. Mr. Frank Hodges would be proud to have written Mr. Gompers's chapter on The Labor View of Profit Sharing, Efficiency Management, and Industrial Democracy. Mr. Gompers and Mr. Matthew Woll together admirably sum up the situation in this sentence: "There has yet to appear the first employer or industrial-expert-made 'industrial democracy' plan which contemplates the existence of trade union organization as the expression of the workers' desires in the plant." But it is pathetic to drive through these 311 pages by Mr. Gompers and realize how his enemies waste his time in dispute on ancient matters. He deals with the company store, the right of collective bargaining, the eight-hour day, the open shop, the strike, picketing, profit sharing, compulsory arbitration. Nearly all the book is concerned with this elementary material. He leaves the great solutions to the future (page 291). In this time of change

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he has nothing to offer but the values and standards of an age that is dead. He ought to be freed for thinking out the problems of his day in the setting of his vast experience. When he does let himself go, he has a fine rebel stroke:

"The lawyer and the courts have been two of the chief weapons of this brand of men organized to destroy labor organizations. A third has been the private detective agencies."

"Big business owns most of the political bosses."

"In no country on the face of the globe is there such a relentless disregard of the human race and of the workers of the country as that which exists among the employers of our nation."

President Gompers must often look longingly now across the water to the British labor movement. It has no single leadership, no executive center, no general philosophy. It is incoherent, stodgy, illogical. It lacks a machine, a steam-roller, dutiful henchmen. But it is a mighty force. It slowly gathers itself to take over the political and industrial government of England. It has fifty men of outstanding ability. It has won the rights for which American labor struggles. That Anglo-Saxon movement of the workers was built on other lines than those of the American Federation of Labor. It was built from the mass up. It developed the individuality of its members. It kept its communications open with the ideas of a new age. It harnessed its idealists to the organization.

In his old age Mr. Gompers is left stripped. The most powerful social reaction in recent history sets in upon him. Employers mass to force the open shop. Enormous groups of the unskilled remain unorganized. Inside the American Federation of Labor wide spaces divide some of his international presidents from the rank and file. His organization is torn by "unofficial" movements and the winds of "unofficial" doctrine. The staunch old man is a king without a kingdom. In his last days he is beaten on by the storm. He is labor's Lear.

ARTHUR GLEASON

Story Tellers of the North

Ditte: Girl Alive! By Martin Anderson Nexö. Translated from the Danish. Henry Holt and Company.

Treacherous Ground. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir. Moffat, Yard and Company.

BENEATH all normal troubles and perplexities these story-tellers of the North preserve a reflective evenness of temper. They are impassioned but not eager, anxious but in no haste. Yet they are not, in the Latin sense, impassive either, and Blasco Ibáñez's calling Bojer "a Maupassant of the North" is a bit of shrill ineptitude. Neither Bojer nor Nexö adopts any fixed artistic attitude at all; a simple humanness suffices them, a clean and natural desire to see things kindly and yet exactly as they are. One would never suspect from the novels of Nexö that he is a socialist of the extreme left and editor of the *Klassenkampen* of Copenhagen. Bojer is much more like Tolstoy than he is like Maupassant, though equally without the Russian's towering genius and his excesses. Both men are after truth in human terms, though their approaches to it lie very far apart. Nexö is a sociologist and economist, Bojer a moralist. They are probably capable of some bitterness toward each other. But in the perspective in which we see them their quietude of mind and natural objectivity of manner serve to bring them closer together.

A single sentence in "Ditte: Girl Alive!" sums up in its limpid clearness Nexö's final conclusions about life. "One could recognize the Man family anywhere," he declares, "by their bad qualities being traceable to definite sources, while for the good in them there was no explanation at all; it was inbred." Some such belief is, quite evidently, at the basis of all the modern efforts to reconstruct society. It is not, as morose moralists object, a foolish belief in the goodness of men, taking goodness to mean definite and changeless kinds of conduct, but rather faith in a certain general good-will and patience of people whenever they are not subjected to cruel and arbitrary forces. It is these qualities that Nexö illustrates in his story. He does not omit the shadows from his world. Sörine's crime is terrible enough. But it is traceable to the definite cause of poverty grinding down a morbid soul which is destroyed by the false pride engendered in a social system in which possession is the test of worth. On the other hand, there is Lars Peter with his inexplicable courage and sweetness of temper despite his harsh misfortunes; there is old Maren, who has a touch of grandeur in her simple woes; there is Ditte herself with her unfailing "natural piety" and loving kindness. The story scrupulously avoids an artificial symmetry of structure and follows, so far as possible, the rhythm of life. The firmness and simplicity of the style shine even through an inferior translation. The book is admirably rich in the things and creatures that fill these humble lives, and we are as familiar with Lars Peter's hut and his old horse, Klaus, as were he and the children. Ditte is constantly preoccupied, as she had to be, with questions of food and gear. But this preoccupation never subdues a flutter of the spirit that is in her. Like Pelle she is, in her gentle way, a conqueror. We leave her here as she is about to go out into service and brave a somewhat larger world. In that keener and more vivid life we shall want to meet her courageous and friendly soul again.

Nexö seeks the source of human difficulties in natural evil; Bojer seeks it in moral evil. "Treacherous Ground" is the story of a sick conscience that finds all expiation in the world of objective reality ineffectual and vain. The central incident is a classical and ever recurrent one. In one form or another it appears in "Faust," in Tolstoy's "Resurrection," in Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," in Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son." Erik Evje, the son of rich Norwegian landholders, falls in love with a peasant girl. He wants to marry her, but his parents will not permit the marriage. So the girl Olina bears a fatherless child. Later she bears a second child by another man and this child, like Gretchen and Rose Bernd, she kills and is therefore sent to prison. Erik turns from God to science and from science to the ideal of social reconstruction. His conscience is unhealed. He returns home and seeks to expiate his sin by practical helpfulness to the peasants of his neighborhood. But the lands and houses he gives them rest on shifting quicksands and his securest hope becomes his most violent disaster. His life, like the lives of so many of Ibsen's people, was built from the beginning on 'treacherous ground." The story, like all that Bojer tells, has fine spiritual delicacy and a serene verisimilitude. But one who, like Nexö, regards life with a larger vision and a more controlled sobriety might make an impressive reply to the tendency of the book. Whether Erik Evje and Olina, the peasant girl, would have been happy in any high and humanly fruitful sense had they been married is more than doubtful. Galsworthy in "The Eldest Son" asks the same question and answers it emphatically in the negative. Hence the wound in Erik Evje's conscience was not caused primarily by regret over the loss of Olina—nor does Bojer try to persuade us that it was—but by his sense of responsibility for the moral deterioration and subsequent misfortunes of the girl. But was not the responbility for these to be attributed, in an at least equal measure, to the attitude of a society that makes the unmarried mother an outcast and keeps its charity for degradation that is legalized? Erik did not want to harm the girl; the neighbors and friends who forsook her and cast her off definitely did. They took Erik's deed out of his hands into theirs. His expiation was futile. But it was so because society had distorted and had changed the whole and purely personal character of his original sin and thus forced it to bear consequences that were neither in the act nor in his mind. The moral idealist refuses to entertain such considerations. The creative artist who, like Nexö, has them at heart writes more solidly and largely and reaches out beyond the dimness of his day.

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Books in Brief

"THE LIMITS OF SOCIALISM" (Macmillan), by O. Fred Boucke, is a critique of certain phases of Marxianism in the light of present-day scientific conclusions. Most of the familiar dogmas are passed over and attention is directed to an examination of socialism as a promise of effective social reform. The question considered is: Does modern science justify the belief of Marx that socialism provides an adequate theory of democratic prosperity? Mr. Boucke is a competent student of Marx; he takes the Marxian economics seriously; he pays high tribute to the intellectual candor and encyclopedic equipment of both Marx and Engels; and in spite of a somewhat meticulous criticism he ends by accepting more than he rejects. When he leaves the field of economics he is less convincing. His tediously long examination of the doctrine of the economic interpretation of history ends in a bog of rather obvious psychology through which one flounders impatiently. Probably few careful students would take seriously the author's low estimate of the savings possible under an intelligent collectivistic regime, or the narrow limits which he sets to increase in production. Discussing the problem of agriculture, he makes the statement that "in European countries the peak of productivity has long been reached"—this in the light of what the war did to stimulate production in England! The book will prove rather stiff exposition to the general reader, who will be annoyed at the needlessly scientific vocabulary. Mr. Boucke is so engrossed with his science that he seems to have forgotten his own pragmatic philosophy, which should teach him that social philosophies may work in spite of their disregard of current sociology. To vast numbers of men and women today socialism is a gospel of hope, the single promise of betterment in a world of sordid struggle; and a persuasive battle cry is more potent to stir the blood than all the science of the schools. Society will achieve prosperity when enough men will it; and Marxianism, whatever may be the fate of its economics, encourages men to will prosperity.

"DIPLOMACY and the Study of International Relations," by D. P. Heatley, of the University of Edinburgh (Clarendon Press), is one of those curious works of erudition which only a British or a Continental scholar, as a rule, is likely to produce, but the precise usefulness of which is not quite clear. Mr. Heatley himself describes his book as an attempt "to portray diplomacy and the conduct of foreign policy from the standpoint of history, to show how they have been analyzed and appraised by representative writers, and to indicate sources from which the knowledge thus acquired may be supplemented." A long first section, devoted in part to pointing out the failures and successes of diplomacy in the past and the necessary place which it must continue to hold in the future, assembles also a varied collection of opinions about the equipment of the diplomatist, the methods he should use or avoid, the preparation of dispatches, etc. Succeeding divisions include an annotated bibliography of important source collections and other works in the field of diplomacy, an informing historical study of the doctrine of British sovereignty of the seas, a survey of the literature of international ethics, and numerous extracts illustrative of diplomatic procedure. The particular international questions raised by the great war are not gone into.

PADRAIC COLUM has done a beautiful thing for children in "The Girl who Sat by the Ashes" (Macmillan). Of all the Cinderella tales of many lands this is the most poetic and living. The story of Maid-Alone, as this Irish kitchen wench names herself, is so exquisitely told that it should be pictured with the same simplicity. Instead, the book is burdened with a profusion of complicated swirls which the young reader will probably remove with a pen-knife. Another celebrated character of the child world, whose adventures are admirably recorded, is "The Little Lead Soldier," now for the first time translated from the Italian of Anna Franchi (Penn Publishing Company). Italian children have long loved Tamburino, whose travels brought the world into the nursery. The pictures by Hattie Longstreet Price catch the spirit of this classic. Not Italian but of Italy is Nannine La Villa Meiklejohn's story, "The Cart of Many Colors" (Dutton). A gaily painted Sicilian cart is here the vehicle for patriotic Italian propaganda, but so many characteristic customs and scenes figure in the story, and so many vistas of history are glimpsed in passing, that the young American reader may establish a close contact with his dark-eyed playmates overseas. Although one of the most inviting books on the counters, "The Three Mulla-Mulgars," by Walter De la Mare (Knopf), will be a disappointment to most children. The illustrations by Dorothy P. Lathrop are stimulating to the fancy, but as for the tale itself, a weariness of detail, with many strange words and unpronounceable names and very little story, makes the book a burden and not a pleasure. The three-volume-novel style is ponderous for fairy tales; Mr. De la Mare's delight in his own creation has blinded him to the child's point of view.

"ENGLAND under the Yorkists," by Isobel D. Thornley (Longmans, Green), is a source-book appealing to the needs of various classes of scholars. While exhibiting to university students the materials from which history is written, the editor has printed a few new texts and edited others in a style learned enough to instruct the most advanced master of the period. The work is admirably done; all branches of history, political, constitutional, ecclesiastical, economic, and social, are included. The material is taken from histories, memoirs, treaties, letters, charters, and legal documents of all sorts. One may read here the finely tempered comments of Comines, the cool and admirable accounts of events by Polydore Vergil, Sir Thomas More's narrative of the death of the princes in the Tower, the lively correspondence of the Pastons, Celys, Stonors, and Plumptons, and the records of momentous diplomatic conferences and of church visitations. The idea that the sources for this particular period are poorer than for the earlier Middle Ages on the one hand and for the sixteenth century on the other is mistaken. While the monastic chronicles declined in volume and in value, their place was taken by a vast array of new sources entirely unknown to the previous age. When once the student has a thread on which to string data, there is no better way than to send him to the sources. They present both the liveliest and the truest picture of past times. A document can distort facts, intentionally or unintentionally, but it can never belie the spirit of the age that gave it birth.

WALES, once a conquered province, now England's oldest ally and partner, is brilliantly treated in "The Making of Modern Wales: Studies in the Tudor Settlement of Wales," by W. Llewelyn Williams (London: Macmillan). After the supposed conquest by the Normans, between 1282 and 1542, "the Welshery"—looked upon as inferior folk—were never pacified until brute force gave way to justice. No Englishman's life was safe forty rods away from his castle gate; while the country itself, with a population of about 125,000, was in chronic anarchy, with feuds and intestine wars. When the Tudors, a Welsh dynasty, occupied the throne of England, a constitution was granted to Wales. This, in a generation or two, wrought a veritable political miracle. In 1535 Henry VIII incorporated Wales with England in an "Act for Laws and justice to be ministered in Wales in like form as it is in this realm," declaring that all natives of Wales should enjoy and inherit "all and singular Freedoms, Liberties, Rights, Privileges and Laws with Englishmen." The change for the better—as now seen in the perspective of four centuries—was nothing less than startling. The Act of Union created no long friction and dissatisfaction

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as it did later in Scotland. When the policy of Anglicization through force was superseded by one which recognized the language and respected the traditions of the Welsh people, with their oldest literary inheritances in Europe, those people became the most easily governed in the realm. The British in India might well profit by the administrative example which is here set forth.

"THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS" (New Testament), edited by R. G. Moulton (Macmillan), is a volume of 347 pages presenting the text, somewhat abridged, of the Modern Reader's Bible, namely that of the English Revision. The four Gospels are given in their entirety, the sayings of Jesus being printed in a distinctive type. The Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles are considerably abridged. In the latter an editorial condensation is followed by a selection of leading passages in the language of Scripture. For each portion of Scripture there is an introduction written from the literary point of view, occasional exercises in Bible study, and explanatory notes. The notes are in two sections—those on specific passages, and general notes, in which such matters as demonology, mystery-religions, and "the unpardonable sin" are discussed. In the notes the editor has utilized to some extent the results of modern biblical scholarship, as in the explanations of the meaning of the word prophecy in connection with the Book of Revelation and of the symbolism of the gift of tongues. On the whole the book seems admirably adapted to the purpose intended—to provide a text of the New Testament with explanations adequate and truthful yet thoroughly adapted *virginibus puerisque*.

RANDOLPH BOURNE was sorry during the war to see the universities drop their philosophy like something of which they were very tired and contribute to a critical situation not critics but contrivers, not valuable skeptics but indispensable efficiency-experts. "Some War-Time Lessons" (Columbia University Press), by Frederick Paul Keppel, who left the deanship of Columbia College to become Third Assistant Secretary of War, is not a philosophical or critical book, though in another way it is a sensible one. Mr. Keppel knows young men of the average, patriotic sort, and knows them well; and he believes it to have been good for them that they achieved a certain solidarity of spirit under the stress of a great cause. Another sort of young men he does not know so well. He is better aware that the war made a great many useful and attractive citizens than he is that it made a good many useful and not unattractive protestants against the government.

"OLD JUNK" (Knopf) is one of those volumes of prose which are printed for no other reason than that they are written well. A Foreword by S. K. Ratcliffe describes the author, H. M. Tomlinson, as a London journalist who is indefinably but indisputably a "London Saxon." Whatever Mr. Ratcliffe's inspiration for the epithet may have been, Mr. Tomlinson does plainly stand and converse in a manner that modern America understands to be English. His accounts of Africa, of the sea, of New York, of Britain, of the war, of rare and obscure persons and places, are the work of an exquisitely educated man. Delicate and helpless in his gestures, he yet is enduringly accurate in imagination. His images are of that excellent variety which send your eye to the corner of the ceiling for testing and reflection—and acceptance. He patently is a survival from gentler times, when the machinery of life was not so shiny or loud; but the discrepancy is registered in angelically ironic smiles rather than in any kind of wail. His stare envelops rather than avoids, and he writes a beautiful book.

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This book aims to teach us how to "laugh a little at our own ideals and hold them no less dear." It is written in the spirit of a Nietzsche shorn of his madness but not bereft of his insight. The author is a research worker in philanthropic problems at the Rockefeller Foundation and his manuscript was read and recommended for publication by the head of the department of philosophy in a great university, an eminent authority on politics and government and an intelligent layman. $2.00.

THE FORERUNNER *By Kahlil Gibran*

"The Madman" and "Twenty Drawings" have won for Mr. Gibran in the past two years the recognition in this country that is due the national poet and novelist of the Arabic-speaking peoples. The present volume continues the vein of ironic symbolism of the earlier book. It is illustrated with five fine drawings by the author. $1.50.

MLLE. DE MAUPIN *By Théophile Gautier*

The third in the series of handsome reprints of French classics with introductions by Burton Rascoe which Mr. Knopf instituted last year. This book is uniform with *Madame Bovary* and *Manon Lescaut*. Printed on Warren's India Tint Olde Style paper; bound in black buckram with gold stamping and gilt top. $4.00.

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THE deadliest of several deadly superstitions about university dissertations is that their authors must confine themselves "within measurable limits" so as to be clear and incontrovertible—as if there could be value in limited truth, or as if there were limits to a competent reader's curiosity. It is with typical timidity that Flora Ross Amos, in the preface to her "Early Theories of Translation" (Columbia University Press), warns against any expectation that in her survey of English translation between Alfred and Pope she has furnished more than a reference book to theories—that she has turned any light upon the relations between theory and practice. What she has done, of course, is useful, particularly to those students of translation in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries who have been somewhat in the dark as to precept in the middle ages and the sixteenth century; but it is not interesting to those who are concerned first and last with literary results in the matter of translation.

Drama

Plays for a People's Theater

The Fight for Freedom. By Douglas Goldring. With a Preface by Henri Barbusse. Thomas Seltzer.
Touch and Go. By D. H. Lawrence. Thomas Seltzer.

LONG before the war the Arbeitertheater was a firmly established institution in Central Europe. Today, as Mr. Goldring points out, the unifying ideas of the new world that is being born express themselves fully and freely through the medium of the theater in Russia, Germany, Austria, and Holland. He wants England to do likewise. He wants to see the miners, the transport workers, the postmen, and the police interest themselves in the establishment of a Labor Theater. It is an admirable wish and some day it will come true. But we must be patient and not in our eagerness and passion for good causes neglect to take into account certain national traits of decisive importance. A typical German figure under the old regime was the proletarian—janitor, printer, blacksmith—who starved himself to give his son a learned education—not the training of a skilled mechanic or an engineer, but that of a philologist or jurist. In this ambition there was a strain of servile snobbishness; there was also an ancient and honorable respect for the things of the mind. When this proletarian became class-conscious he was no longer so anxious to have his son achieve a doctorate. But to establish and fortify the personal worth of himself and his class he took instinctively to Reklam editions of the classics and to seeing the masterpieces of the drama on the stage. He transformed his old self into new and nobler uses. The tradition behind the British and the native American worker is radically different. "The Fight for Freedom" has already appeared in *Die Weissen Blätter* and been accepted for production in Berlin and Vienna. What audience have we for it here? Not the militant bourgeoisie of upper Broadway. Only, in all likelihood, the Yiddish workers. And with them we are definitely back in Central and Eastern Europe. Our native theater, like the British theater which Mr. Goldring describes, connects the word revolution with innovations in decorative effects, not with those internationalist and moral ideas that, amid hunger and disease and pain, are recreating the life of the Continental peoples.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence, though no less preoccupied with world conflicts than Mr. Goldring, desires the new theater to be free of the fetters of any class and address itself to the basic humanity of all men. He is weary, as Nietzsche was, of functions and officialisms masquerading as men; he wants the reintegration of characteristics into creatures for which Strindberg pleaded long ago. He wants the dramatic struggle to be stripped of the mechanical accidents that obscure it and to reveal the crucial passions which, according to his notable distinction, transform disaster into tragedy. And he, like Mr. Goldring, is full of hope and of a beautiful ardor and of a vision of what the theater can and shall be. In that vision there is pathos as well as ardor and beauty. For "Tillie of Bloomsbury," by that redoubtable patriot and warrior Ian Hay, having completed a triumphant year in London, has just had a brilliant opening in New York under the title of "Happy-Go-Lucky." Kind hearts are more than coronets. The pauper is as good as the prince. But ah, the prince marries the pauper and all the paupers become princes, so that the doctrine of their equality need never stand an ugly test in this best of worlds! And still the parlor Bolsheviks rage!

Meanwhile we have, as definite and permanent results of this movement toward a people's theater, the printed versions of Mr. Goldring's and Mr. Lawrence's plays. "The Fight for Freedom" gives a dramatic picture of English society during the middle of 1918. Captain Michael Henderson, home on seven days' leave after eighteen unspeakable months in the trenches, commits a sex atrocity. The Reverend Dean thinks it splendid and manly that the brave defender of his country is willing to make Margaret Lambert an honest woman. Margaret has risen to the point at which she will not be married to a madman to save her technical honor. But when her radical friend bids her pity the poor fellow who, like so many in all the armies, has cracked under an inhuman strain, and turn her hatred toward those who made the war and kept it going, her middle-class sentimentality is outraged and her fight for freedom collapses. The dramatic embodiment of this fable is full of energy. A voice rings through it, though not always the voice of the characters. These are sufficiently but not profoundly there and group themselves in slightly conventional attitudes and patterns: generation against generation, conservative against radical. The conflict and tendency are constantly guided and interpreted by a choral *raissonneur*. Yet this adherence of Mr. Goldring to a proven theatrical pattern of the better kind may possibly increase the play's chances of an early production and hence further the spread of the ideas he has at heart. And since from these ideas and these alone the new art of a new and freer world can spring, his dramaturgic conventionality has its ample practical justification to an extent rare in such undertakings.

Superficially, "Touch and Go" may seem less credible and more confused than 'The Fight for Freedom." Neither Mr. Lawrence's ideas nor his dramaturgic methods are as firm and clarified as Mr. Goldring's. The reason is that he is on the edge of even fresher perceptions and subtler cognitions. His tone is acrid, his characterization has moments of apparent irresponsibility, but he cuts deep into the ultimate facts of the soul's life. In the first scene of the second act there is a conversation between Gerald Barlow and Annabel Wrath which recalls Schnitzler in its avoidance of the external pointedness of conventional dialogue and in its quiet penetration to the true character of human contacts. Throughout, even in the scenes that express the turbulence of the industrial struggle, there is an absence of the falsely symmetrical and a projection of the rich, impenetrable moods of men that presage the new art of the theater for which Mr. Goldring can only clear the way. For in that new art there will be less clash and more "creative crisis"; there will be less struggle between people as they are supposed to be or suppose themselves to be, and more dramatic unfolding to themselves and to others of what they really are. We are but at the outset of that vast voyage of discovery that will chart anew the sea of the soul's life. But Mr. Lawrence has started on that voyage and his play is full of the strange vistas he has begun to see. Yet we must not underestimate Mr. Goldring's bright certainty of execution in favor of Mr. Lawrence's richer if dimmer texture. Neither play is a great play. To us, at this hour in the development of our theater and of the society it is to serve and express, both are important and, indeed, precious.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

Why Haiti Has No Budget

AT the session of the Haitian National Assembly on August 4, the President of the Republic of Haiti and the Haitian Minister of Finance laid before that body the course of the American Financial Adviser which had made it impossible to submit to the Assembly accounts and budgets in accordance with the Constitution of Haiti and the Haiti-American Convention. The statement which follows is taken from the official Haitian gazette, the *Moniteur* of August 7.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT

Gentlemen of the Council of State: On account of unforeseen circumstances it has not been possible for the Government of the Republic to present to you in the course of the session of your high assembly which closes today (August 4) the general accounts of the receipts and expenditures for 1918-1919 and the budget for 1920-1921, in accordance with the Constitution.

It is certainly an exceptional case, the gravity of which will not escape you. You will learn the full details from the report which the Secretary of Finance and Commerce will submit to you, in which it will be shown that the responsibility for it does not fall on the Executive Power. . . .

In the life of every people there come moments when it must know how to be resigned and to suffer. Are we facing one of those moments? The attitude of the Haitian people, calm and dignified, persuades me that, marching closely with the Government of the Republic, there is no suffering which it is not disposed to undergo to safeguard and secure the triumph of its rights. DARTIGUENAVE

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF FINANCE AND COMMERCE

Gentlemen of the Council of State: Article 116 of the Constitution prescribes in its first paragraph: "The general accounts and the budgets prescribed by the preceding article must be submitted to the legislative body by the Secretary of Finance not later than eight days after the opening of the legislative session."

And Article 2 of the American-Haitian Convention of September 16, 1915, stipulates in its second paragraph: "The President of Haiti shall appoint, on the nomination of the President of the United States, a Financial Adviser, *who shall be a civil servant attached to the Ministry of Finance*, to whom the Secretary shall lend effective aid in the prosecution of his work. The Financial Adviser shall work out a system of public accounting, shall aid in increasing the revenues and in their adjustment to expenditures. . . .

Since February of this year (1920) the secretaries of the various departments, in order to conform to the letter of Article 116 of the Constitution, and to assure continuity of public service in the matter of receipts and expenditures, set to work at the preparation of the budgets for their departments for 1920-21.

By a dispatch dated March 22, 1920, the Department of Finance sent the draft budgets to Mr. A. J. Maumus, Acting Financial Adviser, for preliminary study by that official. But the Acting Adviser replied to the Department by a letter, of March 29: "I suggest that, in view of the early return of Mr. John McIlhenny, the Financial Adviser, measures be taken to postpone all discussion regarding the said draft budgets between the different departments and the Office [of the Financial Adviser] to permit him to take part in the discussions."

Nevertheless, the regular session was opened on the constitutional date, Monday, April 5, 1920. Mr. John McIlhenny, the titular Financial Adviser, absent in the United States since October, 1919, on a financial mission for the Government, prolonged his stay in America, detained no doubt by the insurmountable difficulties in the accomplishment of his mission (the placing of a Haitian loan on the New York market). Since on the one hand the Adviser could not overcome these difficulties, and on the other hand his presence at Port-au-Prince was absolutely necessary for the preparation of the budget in conformity with the Constitution and the Haitian-American Convention, the Government deemed it essential to ask him to return to Port-au-Prince for that purpose. The Government in so doing secured the good offices of the American Legation, and Mr. McIlhenny returned from the United States about the first of June. The Legislature had already been in session almost two months.

About June 15 the Adviser began the study of the budget with the secretaries. The conferences lasted about twelve days, and in that time, after courteous discussions, after some cuts, modifications, and additions, plans for the following budgets were agreed upon:

1. Ways and Means
2. Foreign Relations
3. Finance and Commerce
4. Interior

On Monday, July 12, at 3.30, the hour agreed upon between the ministers and the Adviser, the ministers met to continue the study of the budget which they wanted to finish quickly . . . Between 4 and 4:30 the Secretary of Finance received a letter from the Adviser which reads as follows:

"I find myself obliged to stop all study of the budget until certain affairs of considerable importance for the welfare of the country shall have been finally settled according to the recommendations made by me to the Haitian Government.

"Please accept, Mr. Secretary, the assurance of my highest consideration, JOHN MCILHENNY"

Such an unanticipated and unjustifiable decision on the part of Mr. McIlhenny, an official attached to the Ministry of Finance, caused the whole Government profound surprise and warranted dissatisfaction. . . .

On July 13 the Department of Finance replied to the Financial Adviser as follows:

"I beg to acknowledge your letter of July 12, in which you say, 'I find myself obliged, etc. . . .'

"In taking note of this declaration, the importance and gravity of which certainly cannot escape you, I can only regret in the name of the Government:

"1. That you omitted to tell me with the precision which such an emergency demands what are the affairs of an importance so considerable for the welfare of the country and the settlement of which, according to the recommendations made by you, is of such great moment that you can subordinate to that settlement the continuation of the work on the budget?

"2. That you have taken such a serious step without considering that in so doing you have divested yourself of one of the essential functions which devolves upon you as Financial Adviser attached to the Department of Finance.

"The preparation of the budget of the state constitutes one of the principal obligations of those intrusted with it by law, because the very life of the nation depends upon its elaboration. The Legislature has been in session since April 5 last. By the Constitution the draft budgets and the general accounts should be submitted to the legislative body within eight days after the opening of the session, that is to say by April 13. The draft budgets were sent to your office on March 22.

"By reason of your absence from the country, the examination of these drafts was postponed, the acting Financial Adviser not being willing to shoulder the responsibility; we refer you to his letters of March 29 and of April 17 and 24. Finally . . . you came back to Port-au-Prince, and after some two

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weeks, you began with the secretaries to study the draft budgets.

"The Government therefore experiences a very disagreeable surprise on reading your letter of July 12. It becomes my duty to inform you of that disagreeable surprise, to formulate the legal reservations in the case, and to inform you finally that you bear the sole responsibility for the failure to present the budget in due time.

"FLEURY FEQUIERE, Secretary of Finance"

On July 19, Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, the American Minister, placed in the hands of the President of the Republic a memorandum emanating from Mr. McIlhenny, in which the latter formulates against the Government complaints sufficient, according to him, to explain and justify the discontinuance of the preparation of the budget, announced in his letter of July 12.

Memorandum of Mr. McIlhenny

I had instructions from the Department of State of the United States just before my departure for Haiti, in a passage of a letter of May 20, to declare to the Haitian Government that it was necessary to give its immediate and formal approval:

1. To a modification of the Bank Contract agreed upon by the Department of State and the National City Bank of New York.

2. To the transfer of the National Bank of the Republic of Haiti to a new bank registered under the laws of Haiti to be known as the National Bank of the Republic of Haiti.

3. To the execution of Article 15 of the Contract of Withdrawal, prohibiting the importation and exportation of non-Haitian money, except that which might be necessary for the needs of commerce in the opinion of the Financial Adviser.

4. To the immediate vote of a territorial law which has been submitted to the Department of State of the United States and which has its approval.

On my arrival in Haiti I visited the President with the American Minister and learned that the modifications of the bank contract and the transfer of the bank had been agreed to and the only reason why the measure had not been made official was because the National City Bank and the National Bank of Haiti had not yet presented to the Government their full powers. He declared that the Government did not agree to the publication of a decree executing the Contract of Withdrawal because it did not consider that the economic condition of the country justified it at that time. To which I replied that the Government of the United States expected the execution of Article 15 of the Contract of Withdrawal as a direct and solemn engagement of the Haitian Government, to which it was a party, and I had instructions to insist upon its being put into execution at once. . . .

The Counter Memoir

To this memorandum the Executive Authority replied by a counter memoir which read in part as follows:

"The modifications proposed by the Department of State [of the United States] to the bank contract, studied by the Haitian Government, gave rise to counter propositions on the part of the latter, which the Department of State would not accept. The Haitian Government then accepted these modifications in nine articles in the form in which they had been concluded and signed at Washington, on Friday, February 6, 1920, by the Financial Adviser, the Haitian Minister, and the [Haitian] Secretary of Finance. But when Messrs. Scarpa and Williams, representing respectively and officially the National Bank of Haiti and the National City Bank of New York, came before the Secretary of Finance for his signature to the papers relative to the transfer of the National Bank of Haiti to the National City Bank of New York, the Secretary of Finance experienced a disagreeable surprise in finding out that to Article 9 of the document signed at Washington, February 6, 1920, and closed as stated above, there had been added an amendment bearing on the prohibition of non-Haitian money. The Secretary could only decline the responsibility of this added paragraph of which he had not the slightest knowledge and which consequently had not been submitted to the Government for its agreement. It is for this reason alone that the agreement is not signed up to this time The Government does not even yet know who was the author of this addition to the document to which its consent had never been asked."

Today, gentlemen, you have come to the end of the regular session for this year. Four months have run by without the Government being able to present to you the budget for 1920-1921. . . . Such are the facts, in brief, that have marked our relations recently with Mr. McIlhenny. . . .

FLEURY FEQUIERE, Secretary of Finance

The Businessmen's Protest

THE protest printed below, against Article 15 of the Contract of Withdrawal, was sent to the Haitian Secretary of Finance on July 30.

The undersigned bankers, merchants, and representatives of the various branches of the financial and commercial activities in Haiti have the honor to submit to the high appreciation of the Secretary of State for Finance the following consideration:

They have been advised from certain sources that pressing recommendations have been made to the Government of Haiti.

1. That a law be immediately voted by which would be prohibited the importation or exportation of all money not Haitian, except that quantity of foreign money which, in the opinion of the Financial Adviser, would be sufficient for the needs of commerce.

2. That in the charter of the Banque Nationale de la Republique d'Haiti there be inserted an article giving power to the Financial Adviser together with the Banque Nationale de la Republique d'Haiti to take all measures concerning the importation or exportation of non-Haitian monies.

The undersigned declare that the adoption of such a measure, under whatever form it may be, would be of a nature generally contrary to the collective interests of the Haitian people and the industry of Haiti. It would be dangerous to substitute the will of a single man, however eminent he might be, however honorable, however infallible, for a natural law which regulates the movements of the monetary circulation in a country.

It would be more dangerous yet to introduce in the contract of the Banque Nationale de la Republique d'Haiti a clause which would assure this establishment a sort of monopoly in the foreign money market, which constitutes the principal base of the operations of high commerce, when it has already the exclusive privilege of emission of bank notes. Such a clause would make of all other bankers and merchants its humble tributaries, obeying its law and its caprices. . . .

(Signed) THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA; AMERICAN FOREIGN BANKING CORPORATION; HAITIAN AMERICAN SUGAR CO.; RAPOREL S.S. LINE; P. C. S.; ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.; PANAMA LINE; ED. ESTEVE & CO.; CLYDE LINE; COMPTOIR COMMERCIAL; GEBARA & CO.; ALFRED VIEUX; V. G. MAKHLOUF; N. SILVERA; SIMMONDS FRERES; ROBERTS, DUTTON & CO.; WEST INDIES TRADING CO.; J. FADOUL & CO.; R. BROUARD; A. DE MATTEIS & CO.; J. M. RICHARDSON & CO.; COMPTOIR FRANCAIS; H. DEREIX; E. ROBELIN; F. CHERIEZ; I. J. BIGIO, AND GEO. H. MACFADDEN.

"By Order of the American Minister"

CORRESPONDENCE regarding the refusal of the Financial Adviser of Haiti, an American, but an official of the Haitian Department of Finance, to pay the salaries for the month of July, 1920, of the President and certain other officials of the Haitian Republic, revealing that the

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action was taken by order of the American Minister to Haiti, without explanation and without authority in the Haitian Constitution or in the Haiti-American Convention, was printed in the *Moniteur* for August 14.

I.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 2, 1920.

MR. A. J. MAUMUS, Receiver General of Customs

In accordance with the suggestion made to the Financial Adviser on July 24, your office began on the morning of July 30 to pay the salaries for that month to the officials and public employees at Port-au-Prince.

Nevertheless up to this morning, August 2, no checks have been delivered to His Excellency the President of the Republic, the secretaries of the various departments, the state councilors, and the palace interpreter.

In calling your attention to this fact I ask that you will please inform me of the reasons for it.

FLEURY FEQUIERE, Secretary of Finance.

II.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 2, 1920.

TO THE SECRETARY OF FINANCE AND COMMERCE

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of August 2 in which you ask this office to inform you regarding the reasons for the non-delivery, up to the present time, of the checks for His Excellency the President of the Republic, for the departmental secretaries, the state councilors, and the palace interpreter, for the month of July.

In reply this office hastens to inform you that up to the present time it has not been put in possession of the mandates and orders regarding these payments.

A. J. MAUMUS, Receiver General.

III.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 2, 1920.

TO THE FINANCIAL ADVISER

The Department of Finance, informed that checks for His Excellency the President of the Republic, the departmental secretaries, the state councilors, and the palace interpreter had not been delivered up to this morning, August 2, reported the fact to the Receiver General of Customs asking to be informed regarding the reasons. The Receiver General replied immediately that the delay was due to his failure to receive the necessary mandates and orders. But these papers were sent to you by the Department of Finance on July 21, and were returned by the payment service of the Department of the Interior on July 26, a week ago.

I inclose copies of the note from the Department of Finance to the Receiver General, and of Mr. Maumus's reply.

I should like to believe that bringing this matter to your attention would be sufficient to remedy it.

FLEURY FEQUIERE, Secretary of Finance.

IV.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 5, 1920.

TO THE SECRETARY OF FINANCE AND COMMERCE

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your note of August 2, regarding the delay in payment of the salaries of the President of the Republic, secretaries, and state councilors.

In reply I have the honor to inform you that the payment of these salaries has been suspended by order of the American Minister until further orders are received from him.

J. MCILHENNY, Financial Adviser.

V.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 10, 1920.

TO THE FINANCIAL ADVISER

I acknowledge receipt of your note of August 5 in reply to mine of August 2 asking information regarding the reasons for your non-payment of the salaries for last July due to His Excellency the President of the Republic, the secretaries, and state councilors, and the palace interpreter.

I note the second paragraph of your letter, in which you say, "In reply, etc."

I do not know by what authority the American Minister can have given you such instructions or by what authority you acquiesced. The non-payment of the salaries due the members of the Government constitutes a confiscation vexatious for them and for the entire country. It is not the function of this department to judge the motives which led the American Minister to take so exceptionally serious a step; but it is the opinion of the Government that the Financial Adviser, a Haitian official, was not authorized to acquiesce.

FLEURY FEQUIERE, Secretary of Finance.

VI.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 5, 1920.

MR. A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD, American Minister

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency that the offices of the Financial Adviser and of the Receiver General have not yet delivered the checks for the July salaries of His Excellency the President of the Republic, of the secretaries, state councilors, and palace interpreter, although all other officials were paid on July 30.

The Secretary of Finance wrote to the Receiver General asking information on the subject, and was informed that he had not received the necessary mandates and orders. The fact of the non-delivery of the checks and the reply of the Receiver General were then brought to the attention of the Financial Adviser, who has not yet replied.

In informing your Legation of this situation, I call the attention of Your Excellency to this new attitude of the Financial Adviser, a Haitian official, to the President of the Republic and the other members of the Government, an attitude which is an insult to the entire nation.

J. BARAU, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

VII.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 6, 1920.

MR. A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD, American Minister

I have the honor to inclose a copy of a note from the Financial Adviser to the Secretary of Finance, replying to a request for information regarding the non-payment of checks. . . .

In his reply the Financial Adviser informs the Department of Finance that "the payment of these salaries has been suspended by order of the American Minister until further orders are received from him."

My Government protests against this act of violence which is an attack upon the dignity of the people and Government of Haiti.

J. BARAU, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

VIII.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 6, 1920.

MR. J. BARAU, Secretary of Foreign Affairs

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Your Excellency's note under date of August 5.

In reply I have to state that the action of the Financial Adviser therein referred to was taken by direction of this Legation.

A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD, American Minister.

IX.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 7, 1920.

MR. A. BAILLY-BLANCHARD, American Minister

In reply to my letter of August 5 in which I had the honor to inform Your Excellency of the non-payment of checks, . . . Your Excellency informs me that it is by direction of the Legation of the United States that the Financial Adviser acted.

My Government takes note of your declaration.

J. BARAU, Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

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The Concession of the National City Bank

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the non-payment of the July salaries of the President and other officials of the Haitian Republic, the Haitian Minister of Finance received from the Financial Adviser, an American, nominally a Haitian official, but acting under instructions from the American Government, the following letter urging immediate ratification of a modified form of agreement between the United States Department of State and the National City Bank of New York. It was widely assumed in Haiti that this letter supplied the key to the unexplained non-payment of salaries, ordered by Mr. A. Bailly-Blanchard, the American Minister. The letter was printed in the *Moniteur* for August 14.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 2, 1920

TO THE SECRETARY OF FINANCE

I have the honor to inform you that I have been instructed by my Government that in view of the continual delay in obtaining the consent of the Haitian Government to the transfer to the new bank of the modified concession as agreed upon between the Government of the United States and the National City Bank, the Government of the United States has agreed to let the operations of the National Bank of the Republic of Haiti continue indefinitely on the French contract at present existing, without amendment.

I desire urgently to draw your attention to the fact that it would be most desirable in the interest of the Haitian people that the Government of Haiti should give its immediate consent to the proposed modifications of the contract and to accept the transfer of the bank rather than see the present contract continue with its present clauses.

JOHN MCILHENNY, Financial Adviser

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